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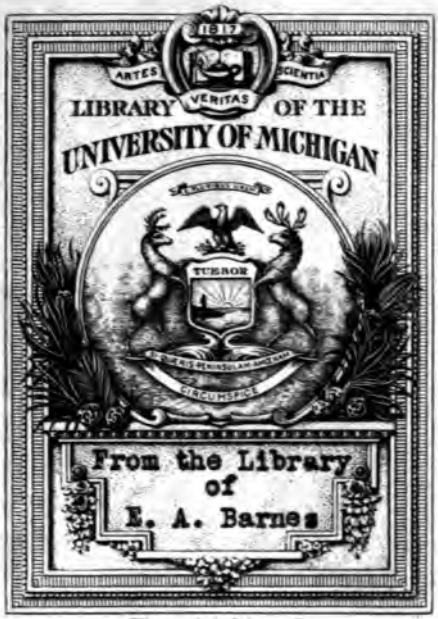
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The Gift of

Mrs. Barnard Pierce
Mrs. Carl Haessler
Mrs. Howard Luce
[illegible] Knight



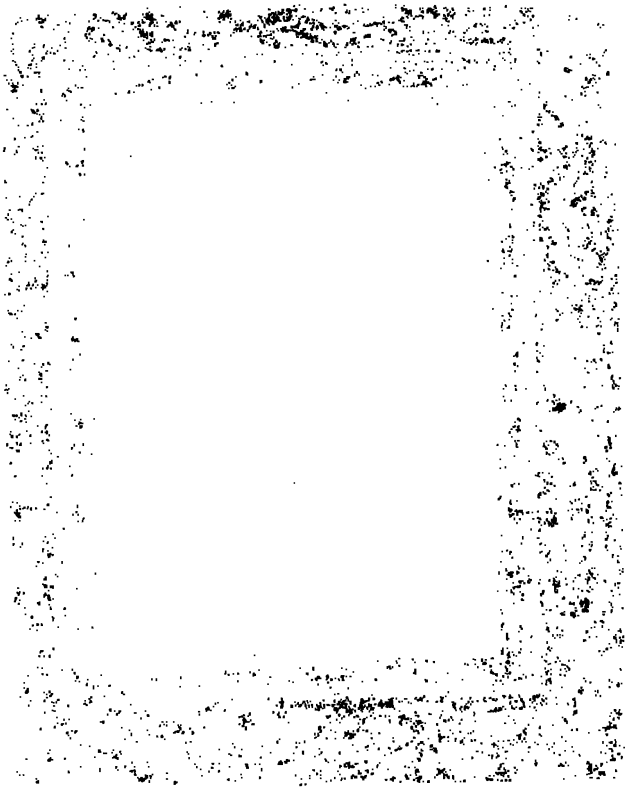
THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS

Fletcher's FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS





Mount Olympus.



THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

A Play written by

JOHN FLETCHER

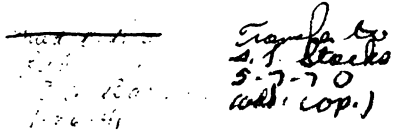
Edited with a Preface, Notes and Glossary by

F. W. MOORMAN, PH.D., B.A.

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'In perfect workmanship of lyrical jewellery, in perfect bloom and flower of song, Beaumont and Fletcher equal all compeers whom they do not excel; the blossom of their growth in this kind may be matched for colour and fragrance against Shakespeare's, and for morning freshness and natural purity of form exceed the finest grafts of Jonson. *The Faithful Shepherdess* alone might speak for Fletcher on this score, being as it is simply a lyric poem in semi-dramatic shape, to be judged only as such, and as such almost faultless.'

A. C. Swinburne.



PREFACE

Literary History. The first quarto edition of *The Faithful Shepherdess* bears no date, but must have appeared, at the latest, in the winter of 1609-10. This is proved by the fact that the dedicatory poem to Sir William Skipwith, who died in May 1610, is prefixed to this first edition. The play is also mentioned by Davies of Hereford in an epigram contained in *The Scourge of Folly*, which is supposed to have been published about 1611. The play is wholly Fletcher's, Beaumont writing a commendatory poem on the play when it appeared for publication. The fact that Beaumont had no hand in it suggests that it may very possibly have been written before the time at which that unique literary partnership between Beaumont and Fletcher, 'the Dioscuri of English poetry,' began. This would place its date of composition before 1608, and the lyric character of the drama warrants the supposition that it belongs to a period when Fletcher's poetic genius had not yet found its proper channel, and was still hesitating between lyric poetry and the drama. The commendatory poems of Beaumont, Field, Ben Jonson, and Chapman make it clear that *The Faithful Shepherdess* was not a success upon the stage. Ben Jonson speaks of it as a 'murdered poem.' A second quarto edition of the play, however, followed in 1629, after Fletcher's death, and in 1634 it

was reproduced on the Court stage before the King, thanks to the good offices of Queen Henrietta. In the MSS. of Sir Henry Herbert, the Licenser of Plays, we read as follows: 'On Monday night the sixth of January [1634] and the Twelfe Night was presented at Denmark House [Somerset House], before the King and Queene, Fletcher's pastorall called The Faithfull Shepheardesse, in the clothes the Queene had given Taylor [a famous actor] the year before of her owne pastorall. The scenes were fitted to the pastorall, and made, by Mr. Inigo Jones, in the Great Chamber, 1633.' In honour of this Court revival of the play, Sir William D'Avenant prefixed to it a song in dialogue between a Priest and a Nymph.

The third quarto edition appeared in 1656, and tells us that the play was acted 'divers times with great applause at the Private House in Black-Friars.' The fourth quarto edition was published in 1665. The play was not included in the incomplete folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works which appeared in 1647, but found a place in the larger folio of 1679.

Sources. Though in the composition of his pastoral Fletcher borrowed from all available sources, the plot of the play and the delineation of most of the characters remain, for all we know, his own creation. The pastoral drama, like most forms of pastoral literature, hails from Italy, among the first pastoral plays being Tasso's *Aminta*, published in 1574, exactly seventy years after the appearance of Sannazaro's *Arcadia*, the first pastoral romance, and in a sense the well-head of all modern pastoral literature. The *Aminta* was followed in 1585 by Guarini's famous masterpiece, *Il Pastor Fido*. From

Guarini Fletcher borrowed the name of his pastoral, the name of the shepherdess Amarillis, and the character of the wanton Cloe, modelled on that of Guarini's Corisca. But in its simplicity of structure *The Faithful Shepherdess* is more closely allied to Tasso's *Aminta* than to the elaborate *Pastor Fido*. A Satyr plays an important part in the pastorals of Guarini and Tasso alike, but Fletcher has departed from the manner of both his predecessors, as also from that of Spenser, in making his Satyr a benevolent protective power. Fletcher in his pastoral is, moreover, the heir of most that was best in pastoral literature from Theocritus to Spenser, and of much that lay outside of the narrow limits of pastoralism. The play, for all its Italian setting, is at heart English. Fletcher in borrowing from Italian sources knew how to graft the delicate exotic upon the hardier native stock. The descriptions of nature which give *The Faithful Shepherdess* half its beauty carry us back to Shakspere's *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *As You Like It*, and through Shakspere to the early ballad literature with its love of the greenwood. The Satyr, in the conception of whom Fletcher differs so widely from the approved masters of pastoral poetry, partakes in part of the nature of Shakspere's Puck, and even more of that of the graceful and benevolent spirit Ariel.

Place in Literature. *The Faithful Shepherdess*, though its date is uncertain, can hardly claim to be the first English pastoral drama. Daniel's *Queen's Arcadia*, adapted from Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, had appeared in 1605, and there has come down to us the name, though nothing more than the name, of a pastoral drama by George Peele, licensed in 1591, and

entitled *The Hunting of Cupid.* But though not the first, *The Faithful Shepherdess* is by far the greatest English pastoral drama, and the most far-reaching in its influence. Though not without classic affectations, it is far truer to nature and life than the bulk of Elizabethan pastoral literature, and in this respect is far superior to Sidney's *Arcadia*, or Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar.* The structure of the play is simple almost to bareness, but the characters are marked by an individuality rare in the pastoral. Charles Lamb has passed a stricture on the character of Cloe, but her presence in the play is justified as a foil to Amoret, and a subject for the by-plot, while it must be remembered that, wanton as most of her speeches are, one or two of the most beautiful passages in the drama are placed on her lips.

But the charm of *The Faithful Shepherdess* is idyllic and lyric rather than dramatic. As a picture of country life, and in the raptures of lyric feeling which thrill through the play, it remains unsurpassed by anything in dramatic literature outside of Shakspere.

Life of Fletcher. John Fletcher was born in 1579, his father being Bishop of London. He entered Corpus College, Cambridge, as a pensioner in 1591, but in 1596 his father died, leaving his children in poverty. Little more is heard of Fletcher till his appearance in London as a dramatist in the company of Francis Beaumont. This famous and fruitful literary partnership seems to have begun in 1607 or 1608, and lasted till Beaumont's death in 1616, though Beaumont wrote little or nothing after 1614. Beaumont and Fletcher lived together on terms of the closest intimacy near the Globe Theatre

in Southwark, and to this period of partnership belongs Fletcher's best work, including *Philaster*, *The Maid's Tragedy*, *A King and No King*, and *Cupid's Revenge*. It is difficult to determine exactly the share which is to be allotted to each of these two dramatists in the works produced by them conjointly, but it is extremely probable that the more important parts fell to Beaumont. Beaumont's style is stately and restrained, that of Fletcher fluent and often diffuse. Beaumont excelled in the structure of plots, Fletcher in the use of sprightly dialogue and wit, though the more subtle touches of humour belong probably to Beaumont. In tragedy Fletcher's power lay in declamation, that of Beaumont in pathos. After Beaumont's death, Fletcher produced a number of plays singlehanded, including *Bonduca* and *Valentinian* among tragedies, and *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* and *The Wildgoose Chase* among comedies. He further collaborated with Massinger in the *Knight of Malta* and *Thierry and Theodoret*, etc., and in other plays with Middleton and Rowley. Fletcher is, moreover, generally recognised as part-author of *Henry VIII.* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, while in *The Bloody Brother* he is supposed to have worked in company with Ben Jonson. Fletcher was thus the author, or at least the part-author, of a large number of plays produced during the first quarter of the seventeenth century. He excelled most in romantic comedy, and in his tragedies it is the spirit of romance which most appeals to us. In his romantic drama we find racy dialogue united with the greatest ease of movement and inventiveness, while scarcely a single play of his can be found which is not lit up by some gem of exquisite lyric verse. While still engaged in dramatic work, Fletcher was seized by the plague of 1625, and died in the August of that year. He

was buried in St. Saviour's, Southwark, where also lies the body of his fellow-worker Massinger.

Influence of the Play. *The Faithful Shepherdess* was from its first appearance a play for the study rather than the stage. William Browne, in his *Britannia's Pastorals*, the first Book of which was published in 1613, was deeply influenced by the episode of Amoret and the River God (III. i.). He reproduces the scene in a somewhat altered form in the first two Songs of his descriptive and narrative poem. Browne's insight into and sympathy with Nature further recall the lyric portions of Fletcher's pastoral.

Hardly less marked, and of greater importance, is the influence of the play on Milton's *Comus*. The prominent conception of the play and the poem alike is chastity, and the temptations to which chastity is exposed. Further, Milton's Sabrina is largely modelled on Fletcher's River God, while similarities of style are to be found throughout the poem, and have been pointed out by Seward, Weber, and others. In 1658 Sir Richard Fanshaw translated *The Faithful Shepherdess* into Latin verse.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

TO THAT NOBLE AND TRUE LOVER OF LEARNING

SIR WALTER ASTON

KNIGHT OF THE BATH

SIR, I must ask your patience and be true;
This play was never liked, unless by few
That brought their judgments with 'em; for, of late,
First the infection, then the common prate
Of common people, have such customs got,
Either to silence plays or like them not:
Under the last of which this interlude
Had fallen for ever, pressed down by the rude,
That like a torrent, which the moist south feeds,
Drowns both before him the ripe corn and weeds,
Had not the saving sense of better men
Redeemed it from corruption. Dear sir, then,
Among the better souls, be you the best,
In whom, as in a centre, I take rest
And proper being; from whose equal eye
And judgment nothing grows but purity.
Nor do I flatter, for, by all those dead,
Great in the Muses, by Apollo's head,
He that adds anything to you, 'tis done
Like his that lights a candle to the sun:

Then be, as you were ever, yourself still,
Moved by your judgment, not by love or will;
And when I sing again (as who can tell
My next devotion to that holy well?)
Your goodness to the Muses shall be all
Able to make a work heroical.

Given to your service,

JOHN FLETCHER.

TO THE INHERITOR OF ALL WORTHINESS

SIR WILLIAM SKIPWITH

ODE

If, from servile hope or love,
I may prove
But so happy to be thought for
Such a one, whose greatest ease
Is to please,
Worthy sir, I 've all I sought for:

For no itch of greater name,
Which some claim
By their verses, do I show it
To the world; nor to protest
'Tis the best;—
These are lean faults in a poet;—

Nor to make it serve to feed
At my need,
Nor to gain acquaintance by it,
Nor to ravish kind attornies
In their journies
Nor to read it after diet.

Far from me are all these aims,
Fittest frames
To build weakness on and pity.
Only to yourself, and such
Whose true touch
Makes all good, let me seem witty.

The admirer of your virtues,

JOHN FLETCHI

TO THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN

SIR ROBERT TOWNSHEND

IF the greatest faults may crave
Pardon where contrition is,
Noble sir, I needs must have
A long one for a long amiss.
If you ask me, how is this?
Upon my faith, I 'll tell you frankly,
You love above my means to thank ye.

Yet, according to my talent,
As sour fortune loves to use me,
A poor shepherd I have sent
In home-spun gray for to excuse me;
And may all my hopes refuse me,
But when better comes ashore,
You shall have better, newer, more!

Till when, like our desperate debtors,
Or our three-piled sweet protestors,
I must please you in bare letters,
And so pay my debts, like jesters;
Yet I oft have seen good feasters,
Only for to please the pallet,
Leave great meat and choose a sallet.

All yours,

JOHN FLETCHER.

TO THE READER

IF you be not reasonably assured of your knowledge in this kind of poem, lay down the book, or read this, which I would wish had been the prologue. It is a pastoral tragi-comedy, which the people seeing when it was played, having ever had a singular gift in defining, concluded to be a play of country hired shepherds in gray cloaks, with curtailed dogs in strings, sometimes laughing together, and sometimes killing one another; and, missing Whitsun-ales, cream, wassail, and morris-dances, began to be angry. In their error I would not have you fall, lest you incur their censure. Understand, therefore, a pastoral to be a representation of shepherds and shepherdesses with their actions and passions, which must be such as may agree with their natures, at least not exceeding former fictions and vulgar traditions; they are not to be adorned with any art, but such improper ones as nature is said to bestow, as singing and poetry; or such as experience may teach them, as the virtues of herbs and fountains, the ordinary course of the sun, moon, and stars, and such like. But you are ever to remember shepherds to be such as all the ancient poets,

and modern, of understanding, have received them; that is, the owners of flocks, and not hirelings. A tragi-comedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths, which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it no comedy, which must be a representation of familiar people, with such kind of trouble as no life be questioned; so that a god is as lawful in this as in a tragedy, and mean people as in a comedy. Thus much I hope will serve to justify my poem, and make you understand it; to teach you more for nothing, I do not know that I am in conscience bound.

JOHN FLETCHER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PERIGOT
THENOT
DAPHNIS
ALEXIS
Sullen Shepherd
Old Shepherd
Priest of Pan
God of the River
Satyr
Shepherds

CLORIN
AMORET
AMARILLIS
CLOE
Shepherdesses

SCENE: THESSALY

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I

The Wood before Clorin's Bower

Enter Clorin

Clorin. Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly!
Thus I salute thy grave; thus do I pay
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still-lovèd ashes; thus I free
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
Of love; all sports, delights, and jolly games,
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off:
Now no more shall these smooth brows be begirt
With youthful coronals, and lead the dance;
No more the company of fresh fair maids
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes

Under some shady dell, when the cool wind
Plays on the leaves: all be far away,
Since thou art far away, by whose dear side
How often have I sat crowned with fresh flowers
For summer's queen, whilst every shepherd's boy
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
And hanging scrip of finest cordevan.
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy dear memory;
That shall outlive thee, and shall ever spring,
Whilst there are pipes or jolly shepherds sing.
And here will I, in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys
That former times made precious to mine eyes;
Only remembering what my youth did gain
In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs:
That will I practise, and as freely give
All my endeavours as I gained them free.
Of all green wounds I know the remedies
In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,
Or charmed with powerful words of wicked art,
Or be they love-sick, or through too much heat
Grown wild or lunatic, their eyes or ears
Thickened with misty film of dulling rheum;
These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
In herbs applièd by a virgin's hand.
My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
Berries and chestnuts, plantains, on whose cheeks

The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
Pulled from the fair head of the straight-grown pine;
On these I 'll feed with free content, and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest

Enter Satyr with a Basket of Fruit.

Sat. Through yon same bending plain,
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods, have I run,
Whose bottom never kissed the sun
Since the lusty spring began;
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx bright.—
But, behold, a fairer sight!
[*Seeing Clorin he stands amazed.*
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live: therefore on this mould

Lowly do I bend my knee
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits ; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells :
Fairer by the famous wells
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learnèd poets' good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus ; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them ;
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them !
For these black-eyèd Dryope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my claspèd knee to climb :
See how well the lusty time
Hath decked their rising cheeks in red.
Such as on your lips is spread !
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green ;
These are of that luscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat :
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,

I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun. [*Exit.*

Clo. And all my fears go with thee!
What greatness, or what private hidden power,
Is there in me, to draw submission
From this rude man and beast? Sure I am mortal,
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal: prick my hand,
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink
Makes me a-cold: my fear says I am mortal.
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me,
And now I do believe it), if I keep
My virgin-flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires;
Or voices calling me in dead of night,
To make me follow, and so tole me on,
Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin:

Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself and more mis-shapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there is a power
In that great name of virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines: then, strong chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard, for here I 'll dwell
In opposition against fate and hell!

[*Retires into the bower.*

SCENE II

In the Neighbourhood of a Village

Enter Old Shepherd, with four couples of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, among whom are Perigot and Amoret.

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy festival
In honour of our great god, and his rites
Performed, prepare yourselves for chaste
And uncorrupted fires; that as the priest
With powerful hand shall sprinkle on your brows
His pure and holy water, ye may be
From all hot flames of lust and loose thoughts free.
Kneel, shepherds, kneel; here comes the priest of Pan.

Enter Priest of Pan.

Priest. Shepherds, thus I purge away
[*Sprinkling them with water.*
Whatsoever this great day,
Or the past hours, gave not good,
To corrupt your maiden blood.
From the high rebellious heat
Of the grapes, and strength of meat,
From the wanton quick desires
They do kindle by their fires
I do wash you with this water;
Be you pure and fair hereafter!
From your livers and your veins
Thus I take away the stains;
All your thoughts be smooth and fair:
Be ye fresh and free as air!
Never more let lustful heat
Through your purgèd conduits beat,
Or a plighted troth be broken,
Or a wanton verse be spoken
In a shepherdess's ear:
Go your ways, ye are all clear. [*They rise and sing.*

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep;
And arm in arm

Tread we softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow neighbonring ground
Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, O great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing!
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
As the young spring;
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the Morn is broke
To that place Day doth unyoke!

[*Exeunt all except Perigot and Amoret.*

Peri. [*Detaining her.*] Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-browed maid;
Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
Equal with his soul's good.

Amo. Speak; I give
Thee freedom, shepherd; and thy tongue be still
The same it ever was, as free from ill
As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city; be thou ever true!

Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,
First, let our great god cease to keep my flocks,
That, being left alone without a guard,
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat
And want of water, rots, or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
And in their general ruin let me go!

Amo. I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so:

I do believe thee; 'tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder, than for thee
To hold me foul.

Peri. Oh, you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
That guides the wandering seaman through the deep;
Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep
Head of an agèd mountain; and more white
Than the new milk we strip before day-light
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks;
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
Of young Apollo!

Amo. Shepherd, be not lost;
You are sailed too far already from the coast
Of your discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
I have sent to heaven? did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not, then,
Give back again those sweets to other men,
You yourself vowed were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine,
Once more I give my hand: be ever free
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy!

Peri. I take it as my best good; and desire,
For stronger confirmation of our love,

To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service: say, sweet, shall it hold?
Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me, if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may do,
Coupled with this day's heat, to move your blood:
Maids must be fearful. Sure you have not been
Washed white enough, for yet I see a stain
Stick in your liver: go and purge again.
Peri. Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth!
Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
Of the great Dian: only my intent
To draw you thither was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of our souls.
For to that holy wood is consecrate
A virtuous well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh and dull mortality:
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,
And given away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither envy nor old time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given,
In hope of coming happiness;
By this fresh fountain many a blushing maid

Hath crowned the head of her long-lovèd shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his love and dear captivity;
There grow all herbs fit to cool looser flames
Our sensual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,
And quenching by their power those hidden sparks
That else would break out, and provoke our sense
To open fires; so virtuous is that place.
Then, gentle shepherdess, believe, and grant:
In troth, it fits not with that face to scant
Your faithful shepherd of those chaste desires
He ever aimed at, and——

Amo. Thou hast prevailed: farewell. This coming night
Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long-wished delight.

Peri. Our great god Pan reward thee for that good
Thou hast given thy poor shepherd! Fairest bud
Of maiden virtues, when I leave to be
The true admirer of thy chastity,
Let me deserve the hot polluted name
Of a wild woodman, or affect some dame
Whose often prostitution hath begot
More foul diseases than e'er yet the hot
Sun bred thorough his burnings, whilst the Dog
Pursues the raging Lion, throwing fog
And deadly vapour from his angry breath,
Filling the lower world with plague and death!

[*Exit Amoret.*

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. Shepherd, may I desire to be believed,
What I shall blushing tell?
Peri. Fair maid, you may.
Amar. Then, softly thus: I love thee, Perigot;
And would be gladder to be loved again
Than the cold earth is in his frozen arms
To clip the wanton spring. Nay, do not start,
Nor wonder that I woo thee; thou that art
The prime of our young grooms, even the top
Of all our lusty shepherds. What dull eye,
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath seen thee wrestle, run, or cast the stone
With nimble strength and fair delivery,
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighbouring veins?
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
That freedom back was lent unto thy voice?
Then, do not blame me, shepherd, if I be
One to be numbered in this company,
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.
Peri. Fair shepherdess, much pity I can lend
To your complaints; but sure I shall not love:
All that is mine, myself and my best hopes,
Are given already. Do not love him, then,
That cannot love again; on other men

Bestow those heats, more free, that may return
You fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn.
Amar. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most unkind of men?
If I were old, or had agreed with art
To give another nature to my cheeks,
Or were I common Mistress to the love
Of every swain, or could I with such ease
Call back my love as many a wanton doth,
Thou mightst refuse me, shepherd; but to thee
I am only fixed and set; let it not be
A sport, thou gentle shepherd, to abuse
The love of silly maid.
Peri. Fair soul, you use
These words to little end: for, know, I may
Better call back that time was yesterday,
Or stay the coming night, than bring my love
Home to myself again, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delays:
This present night I have appointed been
To meet that chaste fair that enjoys my soul,
In yonder grove, there to make up our loves.
Be not deceived no longer, choose again:
These neighbouring plains have many a comely swain,
Fresher and freer far than I e'er was;
Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.
Farewell: be happy in a better choice! [*Exit.*

Amar. Cruel, thou hast struck me deader with thy voice
Than if the angry heavens with their quick flames
Had shot me through. I must not leave to love,
I cannot; no, I must enjoy thee, boy,
Though the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite. There is a shepherd dwells
Down by the moor, whose life hath ever shown
More sullen discontent than Saturn's brow
When he sits frowning on the births of men;
One that doth wear himself away in loneness,
And never joys, unless it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutual souls;
One that lusts after every several beauty,
But never yet was known to love or like,
Were the face fairer or more full of truth
Than Phœbe in her fulness, or the youth
Of smooth Lyæus; whose nigh-starvèd flocks
Are always scabby, and infect all sheep
They feed withal; whose lambs are ever last,
And die before their weaning; and whose dog
Looks, like his master, lean and full of scurf,
Not caring for the pipe or whistle. This man may,
If he be well wrought, do a deed of wonder,
Forcing me passage to my long desires:
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose
As my quick thoughts could wish for.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Fresh beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
Thus to be partner of your loneness : 'twas
My love (that ever-working passion) drew
Me to this place, to seek some remedy
For my sick soul. Be not unkind and fair,
For such the mighty Cupid in his doom
Hath sworn to be avenged on ; then, give room
To my consuming fires, that so I may
Enjoy my long desires, and so allay
Those flames that else would burn my life away.
Amar. Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were sound
As thy words seem to be, means might be found
To cure thee of thy long pains ; for to me
That heavy youth-consuming misery
The love-sick soul endures never was pleasing :
I could be well content with the quick easing
Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure
Thy faith and farther service to be sure.
Sull. Shep. Name but that work, danger, or what can
Be compassed by the wit or art of man.
And, if I fail in my performance, may
I never more kneel to the rising day !
Amar. Then, thus I try thee, shepherd. This same night
That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair

Have promised equal love, and do appoint
To make yon wood the place where hands and hearts
Are to be tied for ever: break their meeting
And their strong faith, and I am ever thine.
Sull. Shep. Tell me their names, and if I do not move
By my great power, the centre of their love
From his fixed being, let me never more
Warm me by those fair eyes I thus adore.
Amar. Come; as we go, I'll tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy work. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Another part of the Wood

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How have I wronged the times or men, that thus,
After this holy feast, I pass unknown
And unsaluted? 'Twas not wont to be
Thus frozen with the younger company
Of jolly shepherds; 'twas not then held good
For lusty grooms to mix their quicker blood
With that dull humour, most unfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull chastity.
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my fold

Drive not a flock sufficient great to gain
The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring swain.
Yet, if I may believe what others say,
My face has foil enough; nor can they lay
Justly too strict a coyness to my charge;
My flocks are many, and the downs as large
They feed upon: then, let it ever be
Their coldness, not my virgin-modesty
Makes me complain.

Enter Thenot.

The. Was ever man but I
Thus truly taken with uncertainty;
Where shall that man be found that loves a mind
Made up in constancy, and dares not find
His love rewarded? Here, let all men know,
A wretch that lives to love his mistress so.

Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee stay. Where hast thou been?
Or whither goest thou? Here be woods as green
As any; air likewise as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curlèd streams; with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines, caves, and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes, to make many a ring

For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,—
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.

The. Far from me are these
Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and ease;
I have forgot what love and loving meant;
Rhymes, songs, and merry rounds, that oft are sent
To the soft ear of maid, are strange to me:
Only I live to admire a chastity,
That neither pleasing age, smooth tongue, nor gold,
Could ever break upon, so sure the mould
Is that her mind was cast in; 'tis to her
I only am reserved; she is my form I stir
By, breathe and move; 'tis she, and only she,
Can make me happy, or give misery.

Cloe. Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to know
To whom this dear observance you do owe?

The. You may, and by her virtue learn to square
And level out your life; for to be fair,
And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
Of gaudy youth and swelling vanity.
Then, know, she's called the Virgin of the Grove,

She that hath long since buried her chaste love,
And now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul
She hath vowed herself into the holy roll
Of strict virginity: 'tis her I so admire,
Not any looser blood or new desire. [*Exit.*

Cloe. Farewell, poor swain! thou are not for my bend;
I must have quicker souls, whose words may tend
To some free action: give me him dare love
At first encounter, and as soon dare prove!

Sings Come, shepherds, come!
Come away
Without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay.
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any
Those dear kisses, and those many
Sweet embraces that are given;
Dainty pleasures, that would even
Raise in coldest age a fire,
And give virgin-blood desire.
Then, if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it:
Think not I
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

Enter Daphnis.

Here comes another. Better be my speed,
Thou god of blood! But certain, if I read

Not false, this is that modest shepherd, he
That only dare salute, but ne'er could be
Brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or sing,
Whisper, or boldly ask that wishèd thing
We all are born for; one that makes loving faces,
And could be well content to covet graces,
Were they not got by boldness. In this thing
My hopes are frozen; and, but fate doth bring
Him hither, I would sooner choose
A man made out of snow, and freer use
An eunuch to my ends; but since he's here,
Thus I attempt him.—[*Aside.*] Thou, of men most dear;
Welcome to her that only for thy sake
Hath been content to live! Here, boldly take
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
Was given away to any; and but sit
Down on this rushy bank, whilst I go pull
Fresh blossoms from the boughs, or quickly cull
The choicest delicates from yonder mead,
To make thee chains or chaplets, or to spread
Under our fainting bodies, when delight
Shall lock up all our senses. How the sight
Of those smooth rising cheeks renew the story
Of young Adonis, when in pride and glory
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
Of willing Venus! Methinks stronger charms
Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow

More sweetness than the painters can allow
To their best pieces. Not Narcissus, he
That wept himself away in memory
Of his own beauty, nor Silvanus' boy,
Nor the twice-ravished maid, for whom old Troy
Fell by the hand of Pyrrhus, may to thee
Be otherwise compared, than some dead tree
To a young fruitful olive.

Daph. I can love,
But I am loath to say so, lest I prove
Too soon unhappy.

Cloe. Happy, thou wouldst say.
My dearest Daphnis, blush not; if the day
To thee and thy soft heats be enemy,
Then take the coming night; fair youth, 'tis free
To all the world. Shepherd, I 'll meet thee then
When darkness hath shut up the eyes of men,
In yonder grove: speak, shall our meeting hold?
Indeed you are too bashful; be more bold,
And tell me ay.

Daph. I am content to say so,
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so
Much from your fairness, that you would be true.

Cloe. Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.

Daph. Fresh maid, adieu.
Yet one word more: since you have drawn me on
To come this night, fear not to meet alone

That man that will not offer to be ill,
Though your bright self would ask it, for his fill
Of this world's goodness; do not fear him, then,
But keep your 'pointed time. Let other men
Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever
Fair as the soul it carries, and unchaste never.
[*Exit*

Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty bloods, I should pick out these things,
Whose veins, like a dull river far from springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit
For stream or motion, though the strong winds hit
With their continual power upon his sides?
Oh, happy be your names that have been brides,
And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine!
And far more heavy be thy grief and tine,
Thou lazy swain, that mayst relieve my needs,
Than his, upon whose liver always feeds
A hungry vulture!

Enter Alexis.

Alex. Can such beauty be
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giving rein,
And wishèd freedom to the labouring vein?

Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
The cause of your retirement, why you go
Thus all alone? Methinks the downs are sweeter,
And the young company of swains more meeter,
Than these forsaken and untrodden places.
Give not yourself to loneness, and those graces
Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended
To live amongst us swains.

Cloe. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd: in all my life I have not seen
A man, in whom greater contents have been,
Than thou thyself art. I could tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedom lost. Oh, lend me all thy red,
Thou shame-faced Morning, when from Tithon's bed
Thou risest ever-maiden!

Alex. If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,
Speak, and be satisfied. Oh, guide her tongue,
My better angel; force my name among
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be——

Cloe. Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the sea,
Taking his rest by the white Thetis' side,
Meet me in the holy wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, shepherd.

Alex. If I stay behind,
An everlasting dulness, and the wind,
That as he passeth by shuts up the stream

Of Rhine or Volga, whilst the sun's hot beam
Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn
To coldness more than ice! Oh, how I burn
And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.

Cloe. My name shall be your word.

Alex. Fly, fly, thou day! [*Exit.*

Cloe. My grief is great, if both these boys should fail:
He that will use all winds must shift his sail.
[*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I

A Pasture

Enter Old Shepherd ringing a bell, and Priest of Pan following.

Priest. Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads;
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from under ground;
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,

Striking dead both bud and bloom :
Therefore, from such danger lock
Every one his lovèd flock ;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away ;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease ;
Let one eye his watches keep,
Whilst the other eye doth sleep ;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On your eyelids ! So, farewell :
Thus I end my evening's knell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

The Wood before Clorin's bower

Enter Clorin, sorting herbs.

Clo. Now let me know what my best art hath done,
Helped by the great power of the virtuous moon
In her full light. Oh, you sons of earth,

You only brood, unto whose happy birth
Virtue was given, holding more of nature
Than man, her first-born and most perfect creature,
Let me adore you! you, that only can
Help or kill nature, drawing out that span
Of life and breath even to the end of time;
You, that these hands did crop long before prime
Of day, give me your names, and, next, your hidden
power.
This is the clote, bearing a yellow flower;
And this, black horehound; both are very good
For sheep or shepherd bitten by a wood
Dog's venomed tooth: these rhamnus' branches are,
Which, stuck in entries, or about the bar
That holds the door, kill all enchantments, charms
(Were they Medea's verses), that do harms
To men or cattle: these for frenzy be
A speedy and a sovereign remedy,
The bitter wormwood, sage, and marigold;
Such sympathy with man's good they do hold:
This tormentil, whose virtue is to part
All deadly killing poison from the heart:
And, here, narcissus root, for swellings best:
Yellow lysimachus, to give sweet rest
To the faint shepherd, killing, where it comes,
All busy gnats, and every fly that hums:
For leprosy, darnel and celandine,
With calamint, whose virtues do refine

The blood of man, making it free and fair
As the first hour it breathed, or the best air:
Here, other two; but your rebellious use
Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse;
Therefore, foul standergrass, from me and mine
I banish thee, with lustful turpentine;
You that entice the veins and stir the heat
To civil mutiny, scaling the seat
Our reason moves in, and deluding it
With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit
Of burning lust be quenched, by appetite
Robbing the soul of blessedness and light:
And thou, light vervain, too, thou must go after,
Provoking easy souls to mirth and laughter;
No more shall I dip thee in water now,
And sprinkle every post and every bough
With thy well-pleasing juice, to make the grooms
Swell with high mirth, and with joy all the rooms.

Enter Thenot.

The. This is the cabin where the best of all
Her sex that ever breathed, or ever shall
Give heat or happiness to the shepherd's side,
Doth only to her worthy self abide.
Thou blessèd star, I thank thee for thy light,
Thou by whose power the darkness of sad night
Is banished from the earth, in whose dull place

Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
Of all the world, making the blue sea smile,
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
Thy brother of his brightness, giving day
Again from chaos; whiter than the way
That leads to Jove's high court, and chaster far
Than chastity itself, you blessèd star
That nightly shines! thou, all the constancy
That in all women was or e'er shall be;
From whose fair eye-balls flies that holy fire
That poets style the mother of desire,
Infusing into every gentle breast
A soul of greater price, and far more blest,
Than that quick power which gives a difference
'Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense!

Clo. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place?
No way is trodden; all the verdant grass
The spring shot up stands yet unbruisèd here
Of any foot; only the dappled deer,
Far from the fearèd sound of crookèd horn,
Dwells in this fastness.

The. Chaster than the morn,
I have not wandered, or by strong illusion
Into this virtuous place have made intrusion:
But hither am I come (believe me, fair),
To seek you out, of whose great good the air
Is full, and strongly labours, whilst the sound
Breaks against heaven, and drives into a stound

Th' amazèd shepherd, that such virtue can
Be resident in lesser than a man.
Clo. If any art I have, or hidden skill,
May cure thee of disease or festered ill
Whose grief or greenness to another's eye
May seem unpossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it.
The. 'Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vein
Conveys infection dangerous to the heart,
No part imposthumed, to be cured by art,
This body holds; and yet a fuller grief
Than ever skilful hand did give relief
Dwells on my soul, and may be healed by you,
Fair, beauteous virgin.
Clo. Then, shepherd, let me s
To know thy grief: that man yet never knew
The way to health that durst not show his sore.
The. Then, fairest, know, I love you.
Clo. Swain, no mor
Thou hast abused the strictness of this place,
And offered sacrilegious foul disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interrèd bones;
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very soul with horror.
The. Let me not,

Thou all perfection, merit such a blot
For my true zealous faith.

Clo. Dar'st thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide,
And give her body up? for sure it will,
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
This hallowed place: therefore repent and go,
Whilst I with prayers appease his ghost below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be
A rival in that virtuous love that he
Embraces yet.

The. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Though it be full and fair, your forehead high
And smooth as Pelops' shoulder; not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easy soul; your hands and fingers long,
With veins enamelled richly; nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp;
Your hair woven into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to enfold
The wandering soul; not the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth show
In maiden-whiteness as the Alpen-snow:
All these, were but your constancy away,
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched seaman toiling through the deep.

But, whilst this honoured strictness you dare keep,
Though all the plagues that e'er begotten were
In the great womb of air were settled here,
In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
Even in the arm of danger.

Clo. Wouldst thou have
Me raise again, fond man, from silent grave
Those sparks, that long ago were buried here
With my dear friend's cold ashes?

The. Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant:
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.
Remember how he loved you, and be still
The same opinion speaks you: let not will,
And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again; do not invite
Desire and fancy from their long exile,
To seat them once more in a pleasing smile:
Be, like a rock, made firmly up 'gainst all
The power of angry heaven, or the strong fall
Of Neptune's battery. If you yield, I die
To all affection; 'tis that loyalty
You tie unto this grave I so admire:
And yet there's something else I would desire,
If you would hear me, but withal deny.
Oh, Pan, what an uncertain destiny
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire;

For, if I longer stay, this double fire
Will lick my life up.

Clo. Do; and let time wear out
What art and nature cannot bring about.

The. Farewell, thou soul of virtue, and be blest
For ever, whilst that here I wretched rest
Thus to myself! Yet grant me leave to dwell
In kenning of this arbour: yon same dell,
O'ertopped with mourning cypress and sad yew,
Shall be my cabin, where I'll early rue,
Before the sun hath kissed this dew away,
The hard uncertain chance which faith doth lay
Upon this head.

Clo. The gods give quick release
And happy cure unto thy hard disease!

[*Exit Thenot, Clorin retiring into the Bower.*

SCENE III

Another part of the Wood

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. I do not love this wench that I should meet;
For ne'er did my unconstant eye yet greet
That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair
Than the new blossoms when the morning-air
Blows gently on them, or the breaking light,

When many maiden-blushes to our sight
Shoot from his early face: were all these set
In some neat form before me, 'twould not get
The least love from me; some desire it might,
Or present burning. All to me in sight
Are equal; be they fair, or black, or brown,
Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown
My appetite with any; swear as oft,
And weep, as any; melt my words as soft
Into a maiden's ears, and tell how long
My heart has been her servant, and how strong
My passions are; call her unkind and cruel;
Offer her all I have to gain the jewel
Maidens so highly prize; then loathe, and fly:
This do I hold a blessèd destiny.

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. Hail, shepherd! Pan bless both thy flock and thee,
For being mindful of thy word to me!

Sull. Shep. Welcome, fair shepherdess! Thy loving swain
Gives thee the self-same wishes back again;
Who till this present hour ne'er knew that eye
Could make me cross mine arms, or daily die
With fresh consumings. Boldly tell me, then,
How shall we part their faithful loves, and when?

Shall I belie him to her? shall I swear
His faith is false and he loves every where?
I 'll say he mocked her th' other day to you;
Which will by your confirming show as true,
For she is of so pure an honesty,
To think, because she will not, none will lie.
Or else to him I 'll slander Amoret,
And say, she but seems chaste; I 'll swear she met
Me 'mongst the shady sycamores last night,
And loosely offered up her flame and sprite
Into my bosom; made a wanton bed
Of leaves and many flowers, where she spread
Her willing body to be pressed by me;
There have I carved her name on many a tree,
Together with mine own. To make this show
More full of seeming,—Hobinal, you know,
Son to the agèd shepherd of the glen,
Him I have sorted out of many men,
To say he found us at our private sport,
And roused us 'fore our time by his resort:
This to confirm, I 've promised to the boy
Many a pretty knack and many a toy;
As gins to catch him birds, with bow and bolt
To shoot at nimble squirrels in the holt;
A pair of painted buskins, and a lamb
Soft as his own locks or the down of swan.
This I have done to win you; which doth give
Me double pleasure: discord makes me live.

Amar. Loved swain, I thank you. These tricks might prevail
With other rustic shepherds, but will fail
Even once to stir, much more to overthrow,
His fixèd love from judgment, who doth know
Your nature, my end, and his chosen's merit;
Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit,
Which I have found: give second, and my love
Is everlasting thine.
Sull. Shep. Try me, and prove.
Amar. These happy pair of lovers meet straightway
Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,
In the thick grove bordering upon yon hill,
In whose hard side nature hath carved a well,
And, but that matchless spring which poets know,
Was ne'er the like to this: by it doth grow,
About the sides, all herbs which witches use,
All simples good for medicine or abuse,
All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day,
With all their colours; there the month of May
Is ever dwelling, all is young and green;
There 's not a grass on which was ever seen
The falling autumn or cold winter's hand;
So full of heat and virtue is the land
About this fountain, which doth slowly break,
Below yon mountain's foot, into a creek
That waters all the valley, giving fish
Of many sorts to fill the shepherd's dish.

This holy well, my grandame that is dead,
Right wise in charms, hath often to me said,
Hath power to change the form of any creature,
Being thrice dipped o'er the head, into what feature
Or shape 'twould please the letter-down to crave,
Who must pronounce this charm too, which she gave [*Showing a scroll.*
Me on her death-bed; told me what, and how,
I should apply unto the patients' brow
That would be changed, casting them thrice asleep,
Before I trusted them into this deep:
All this she showed me, and did charge me prove
This secret of her art, if crost in love.
I'll this attempt now, shepherd; I have here
All her prescriptions, and I will not fear
To be myself dipped. Come, my temples bind
With these sad herbs, and when I sleep you find,
As you do speak your charm, thrice down me let,
And bid the water raise me Amoret;
Which being done, leave me to my affair,
And ere the day shall quite itself outwear,
I will return unto my shepherd's arm;
Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,
And pluck me up myself, whom freely take,
And the hott'st fire of thine affection slake.

Sull. Shep. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me.
I long the truth of this well's power to see. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Another part of the Wood

Enter Daphnis.

Daph. Here will I stay, for this the covert is
Where I appointed Cloe. Do not miss,
Thou bright-eyed virgin; come, oh come, my fair!
Be not abused with fear, nor let cold care
Of honour stay thee from thy shepherd's arm,
Who would as hard be won to offer harm
To thy chaste thoughts, as whiteness from the day,
Or yon great round to move another way:
My language shall be honest, full of truth,
My flames as smooth and spotless as my youth;
I will not entertain that wandering thought,
Whose easy current may at length be brought
To a loose vastness.
Alexis. [*Within.*] Cloe!
Daph. 'Tis her voice,
And I must answer.—Cloe!—Oh, the choice
Of dear embraces, chaste and holy strains
Our hands shall give! I charge you, all my veins,
Through which the blood and spirit take their way,
Lock up your disobedient heats, and stay
Those mutinous desires that else would grow

To strong rebellion ; do not wilder show
That blushing modesty may entertain.
Alexis. [*Within.*] Cloe !
Daph. There sounds that blessèd name again,
And I will meet it. Let me not mistake ;

Enter Alexis.

This is some shepherd. Sure, I am awake :
What may this riddle mean ? I will retire,
To give myself more knowledge. [*Retires.*
Alexis. Oh, my fire,
How thou consum'st me !—Cloe, answer me !
Alexis, strong Alexis, high and free,
Calls upon Cloe. See, mine arms are full
Of entertainment, ready for to pull
That golden fruit which too, too long hath hung
Tempting the greedy eye. Thou stay'st too long ;
I am impatient of these mad delays :
I must not leave unsought those many ways
That lead into this centre, till I find
Quench for my burning lust. I come, unkind !
[*Exit.*
Daph. [*Coming forward.*] Can my imagination work me so much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and still
Believe mine eyes ? or shall I firmly hold
Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold

Illusion? Sure, such fancies oft have been
Sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen
Daring to blind the virtuous thought with error;
But be they far from me with their fond terror!
I am resolved my Cloe yet is true.

Cloe. [*Within.*] Cloe!

Daph. Hark! Cloe! Sure, this voice is new,
Whose shrillness, like the sounding of a bell,
Tells me it is a woman.—Cloe, tell
Thy blessèd name again.

Cloe. [*Within.*] Cloe! here!

Daph. Oh, what a grief is this, to be so near,
And not encounter!

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. Shepherd, we are met:
Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,
Which falls like lazy mist upon the ground,
Soak through your startups.

Daph. Fairest, are you found?
How have we wandered, that the better part
Of this good night is perished? Oh, my heart!
How have I longed to meet you, how to kiss
Those lily hands, how to receive the bliss
That charming tongue gives to the happy ear
Of him that drinks your language! But I fear
I am too much unmannered, far too rude,

And almost grown lascivious, to intrude
These hot behaviours; where regard of fame,
Honour and modesty, a virtuous name,
And such discourse as one fair sister may
Without offence unto the brother say,
Should rather have been tendered. But, believe,
Here dwells a better temper: do not grieve,
Then, ever-kindest, that my first salute
Seasons so much of fancy; I am mute
Henceforth to all discourses but shall be
Suiting to your sweet thoughts and modesty.
Indeed, I will not ask a kiss of you,
No, not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
To those blest pair of fixèd stars for smiles;
All a young lover's cunning, all his wiles,
And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me
Be strangers; only to your chastity
I am devoted ever.

Cloe. Honest swain,
First let me thank you, then return again
As much of my love.—No, thou art too cold,
Unhappy boy, not tempered to my mould;
Thy blood falls heavy downward. 'Tis not fear
To offend in boldness wins; they never wear
Deservèd favours that deny to take
When they are offered freely. Do I wake,
To see a man of his youth, years, and feature,
And such a one as we call goodly creature,

Thus backward? What a world of precious art
Were merely lost, to make him do his part!
But I will shake him off, that dares not hold:
Let men that hope to be beloved be bold. [*Aside.*
Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met
So happily, our lives and fortunes set
Upon one stake, to give assurance now,
By interchange of hands and holy vow,
Never to break again. Walk you that way,
Whilst I in zealous meditation stray
A little this way: when we both have ended
These rites and duties, by the woods befriended
And secrecy of night, retire and find
An agèd oak, whose hollowness may bind
Us both within his body; thither go;
It stands within yon bottom.

Daph. Be it so. [*Exit.*

Cloe. And I will meet there never more with thee,
Thou idle shamefacedness!

Alexis [*Within.*] Cloe!

Cloe. 'Tis he!
That dare, I hope, be bolder.

Alexis [*Within.*] Cloe!

Cloe. Now,
Great Pan, for Syrinx' sake, bid speed our plough! [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I

Part of the Wood with the holy Well

Enter Sullen Shepherd, carrying Amarillis asleep.

Sull. Shep. From thy forehead thus I take
These herbs, and charge thee not awake
Till in yonder holy well
Thrice, with powerful magic spell
Filled with many a baleful word
Thou hast been dipped. Thus, with my cord
Of blasted hemp, by moonlight twined
I do thy sleepy body bind.
I turn thy head unto the east,
And thy feet unto the west,
Thy left arm to the south put forth,
And thy right unto the north.
I take thy body from the ground,
In this deep and deadly swound,
And into this holy spring

I let thee slide down by my string.—
[*Lets her down into the Well.*
Take this maid, thou holy pit
To thy bottom ; nearer yet ;
In thy water pure and sweet
By thy leave I dip her feet ;
Thus I let her lower yet,
That her ankles may be wet ;
Yet down lower, let her knee
In thy waters washèd be ;
There stop.—Fly away,
Every thing that loves the day !
Truth, that hath but one face,
Thus I charm thee from this place.
Snakes that cast your coats for new,
Chameleons that alter hue,
Hares that yearly sexes change,
Proteus altering oft and strange,
Hecatè with shapes three,
Let this maiden changèd be,
With this holy water wet,
To the shape of Amoret !
Cynthia, work thou with my charm !—
Thus I draw thee, free from harm,
[*Draws her out of the well, in the shape of Amoret.*
Up out of this blessèd lake :
Rise both like her and awake !

Amar. Speak, shepherd, am I Amoret to sight ?

Or hast thou missed in any magic rite,
For want of which any defect in me
May make our practices discovered be?

Sull. Shep. By yonder moon, but that I here do stand,
Whose breath hath thus transformed thee, and whose hand
Let thee down dry, and plucked thee up thus wet,
I should myself take thee for Amoret!
Thou art, in clothes, in feature, voice and hue,
So like, that sense can not distinguish you.

Amar. Then, this deceit, which cannot crossèd be,
At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.
Hither she needs must come, by promise made;
And, sure, his nature never was so bad,
To bid a virgin meet him in the wood,
When night and fear are up, but understood
'Twas his part to come first. Being come, I 'll say,
My constant love made me come first and stay;
Then will I lead him further to the grove:
But stay you here, and, if his own true love
Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong path,
Which say her lover lately trodden hath;
I 'll not be far from hence. If need there be,
Here is another charm, whose power will free
[*Gives a scroll.*
The dazzled sense, read by the moonbeams clear,
And in my own true shape make me appear.

Enter Perigot.

Sull. Shep. Stand close: here's Perigot; whose constant heart
Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.
[*Retires with Amarillis.*
Peri. This is the place.—Fair Amoret!—The hour
Is yet scarce come. Here every sylvan power
Delights to be, about yon sacred well,
Which they have blessed with many a powerful spell;
For never traveller in dead of night,
Nor strayèd beasts have fall'n in; but when sight
Hath failed them, then their right way they have found
By help of them, so holy is the ground.
But I will farther seek, lest Amoret
Should be first come, and so stray long unmet.—
My Amoret, Amoret! [*Exit.*
Amar. [*Coming forward.*] Perigot!
Peri. [*Within.*] My love!
Amar. I come, my love! [*Exit.*
Sull. Shep. Now she hath got
Her own desires, and I shall gainer be
Of my long-looked-for hopes, as well as she.
How bright the moon shines here, as if she strove
To show her glory in this little grove

Enter Amoret.

To some new-lovèd shepherd! Yonder is
Another Amoret. Where differs this
From that? but that she Perigot hath met,
I should have ta'en this for the counterfeit.
Herbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies,
If mortal men could know your properties! [*Aside.*
Amo. Methinks it is not night; I have no fear,
Walking this wood, of lion or of bear,
Whose names at other times have made me quake,
When any shepherdess in her tale spake
Of some of them, that underneath a wood
Have torn true lovers that together stood;
Methinks there are no goblins, and men's talk,
That in these woods the nimble fairies walk,
Are fables: such a strong heart I have got,
Because I come to meet with Perigot.—
My Perigot! Who's that? my Perigot?
Sull. Shep. [*Coming forward.*] Fair maid!
Amo. Aye me, thou art not Perigot?
Sull. Shep. But I can tell you news of Perigot:
An hour together under yonder tree
He sat with wreathèd arms, and called on thee,
And said, 'Why, Amoret, stay'st thou so long?'
Then starting up, down yonder path he flung,

Lest thou hadst missed thy way. Were it daylight,
He could not yet have borne him out of sight.
Amo. Thanks, gentle shepherd; and beshrew my stay,
That made me fearful I had lost my way
As fast as my weak legs (that cannot be
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,
I 'll follow; and, for this thy care of me,
Pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee! [*Exit.*
Sull. Shep. How bright she was, how lovely did she show!
Was it not pity to deceive her so?
She plucked her garments up, and tripped away,
And with a virgin-innocence did pray
For me that perjured her. Whilst she was here,
Methought the beams of light that did appear
Were shot from her; methought the moon gave none
But what it had from her. She was alone
With me; if then her presence did so move,
Why did I not assay to win her love?
She would not sure have yielded unto me;
Women love only opportunity,
And not the man; or if she had denied,
Alone, I might have forced her to have tried
Who had been stronger: oh, vain fool, to let
Such blessed occasion pass! I 'll follow yet;
My blood is up; I cannot now forbear.

Enter Alexis and Cloe.

I come, sweet Amoret!—Soft, who is here?
A pair of lovers? He shall yield her me:
Now lust is up, alike all women be.
[*Aside and retires.*

Alexis. Where shall we rest? But for the love of me,
Cloe, I know, ere this would weary be.

Cloe. Alexis, let us rest here, if the place
Be private, and out of the common trace
Of every shepherd; for, I understood,
This night a number are about the wood:
Then, let us choose some place, where, out of sight,
We freely may enjoy our stol'n delight.

Alexis. Then, boldly here, where we shall ne'er be found:
No shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallowed ground;
No maid seeks here her strayèd cow or sheep;
Fairies and fawns and satyrs do it keep.
Then, carelessly rest here, and clip and kiss,
And let no fear make us our pleasures miss.

Cloe. Then, lie by me: the sooner we begin,
The longer ere the day descry our sin.
[*They lie down.*

Sull. Shep. [*Coming forward.*] Forbear to touch my love; or, by yon flame,
The greatest power that shepherds dare to name,

Here where thou sit'st, under this holy tree,
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be!

Alexis. If Pan himself should come out of the lawns,
With all his troops of satyrs and of fawns,
And bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes
(A greater oath than thine), I would not rise!

Sull. Shep. Then, from the cold earth never thou shalt move,
But lose at one stroke both thy life and love.
[*Wounds him with his spear.*

Cloe. Hold, gentle shepherd!

Sull. Shep. Fairest shepherdess,
Come you with me; I do not love you less
Than that fond man, that would have kept you there
From me of more desert.

Alexis. Oh, yet forbear
To take her from me! Give me leave to die
By her!

Enter Satyr; Sullen Shepherd runs one way, and Cloe another.

Sat. Now, whilst the moon doth rule the sky,
And the stars, whose feeble light
Gives a pale shadow to the night,
Are up, great Pan commanded me
To walk this grove about, whilst he,
In a corner of the wood,
Where never mortal foot hath stood,

Keeps dancing, music, and a feast,
To entertain a lovely guest;
Where he gives her many a rose,
Sweeter than the breath that blows
The leaves, grapes, berries of the best;
I never saw so great a feast.
But, to my charge. Here must I stay,
To see what mortals lose their way,
And by a false fire, seeming bright,
Train them in and leave them right,
Then must I watch if any be
Forcing of a chastity;
If I find it, then in haste
Give my wreathèd horn a blast,
And the fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the moon,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his lustful thoughts be gone.

Alexis. Oh, death!

Sat. Back again about this ground;
Sure, I hear a mortal sound.—
I bind thee by this powerful spell,
By the waters of this well,
By the glimmering moonbeams bright,
Speak again, thou mortal wight!

Alexis. Oh!

Sat. Here the foolish mortal lies,
Sleeping on the ground.—Arise!—

The poor wight is almost dead;
On the ground his wounds have bled,
And his clothes fouled with his blood:
To my goddess in the wood
Will I lead him, whose hands pure
Will help this mortal wight to cure.

[*Exit carrying Alexis.*

Re-enter Cloe.

Cloe. Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my breast
Doth pant; each bush, methinks, should hide a beast.
Yet my desire keeps still above my fear:
I would fain meet some shepherd, knew I where;
For from one cause of fear I am most free,
It is impossible to ravish me,
I am so willing. Here upon this ground
I left my love, all bloody with his wound;
Yet, till that fearful shape made me begone,
Though he were hurt, I furnished was of one;
But now both lost.—Alexis, speak or move,
If thou hast any life; thou art yet my love!—
He 's dead, or else is with his little might
Crept from the bank for fear of that ill sprite.—
Then, where art thou that struck'st my love? Oh, stay!
Bring me thyself in change, and then I 'll say
Thou hast some justice: I will make thee trim

With flowers and garlands that were meant for him ;
I 'll clip thee round with both mine arms, as fast
As I did mean he should have been embraced.
But thou art fled.—What hope is left for me?
I 'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,
Whom I did mean to mock ; though hope be small
To make him bold, rather than none at all,
I 'll try him ; his heart, and my behaviour too,
Perhaps may teach him what he ought to do.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. This was the place. 'Twas but my feeble sight,
Mixed with the horror of my deed, and night,
That shaped these fears, and made me run away,
And lose my beauteous hardly-gotten prey.—
Speak, gentle shepherdess ! I am alone,
And tender love for love.—But she is gone
From me, that, having struck her lover dead,
For silly fear left her alone, and fled.
And see, the wounded body is removed
By her of whom it was so well beloved.
But all these fancies must be quite forgot.
I must lie close ; here comes young Perigot,
With subtle Amarillis in the shape
Of Amoret. Pray, love, he may not 'scape !
[*Retires.*

Enter Perigot, and Amarillis in the shape of Amoret.

Amar. Belovèd Perigot, show me some place,
Where I may rest my limbs, weak with the chase
Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.
Peri. Beshrew my tardy steps! Here shalt thou rest
Upon this holy bank: no deadly snake
Upon this turf herself in folds doth make;
Here is no poison for the toad to feed;
Here boldly spread thy hands; no venomed weed
Dares blister them; no slimy snail dare creep
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep;
Here never durst the dabbling cuckoo spit;
No slough of falling star did ever hit
Upon this bank: let this thy cabin be;
This other, set with violets, for me. [*They lie down.*
Amar. Thou dost not love me, Perigot.
Peri. Fair maid,
You only love to hear it often said;
You do not doubt.
Amar. Believe me, but I do.
Peri. What, shall we now begin again to woo?
'Tis the best way to make your lover last,
To play with him when you have caught him fast.
Amar. By Pan I swear, belovèd Perigot,
And by yon moon, I think thou lov'st me not.
Peri. By Pan I swear,—and, if I falsely swear,
Let him not guard my flock; let foxes tear

My earliest lambs, and wolves, whilst I do sleep,
Fall on the rest; a rot among my sheep,—
I love thee better than the careful ewe
The new-yeaned lamb that is of her own hue;
I dote upon thee more than that young lamb
Doth on the bag that feeds him from his dam!
Were there a sort of wolves got in my fold,
And one ran after thee, both young and old
Should be devoured, and it should be my strife
To save thee, whom I love above my life.

Amar. How should I trust thee, when I see thee choose
Another bed, and dost my side refuse?

Peri. 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might be shown
'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.

Amar. Come, Perigot will show his power, that he
Can make his Amoret, though she weary be,
Rise nimbly from her couch, and come to his.
Here, take thy Amoret; embrace and kiss.
[*Lies down beside him.*

Peri. What means my love

Amar. To do as lovers should,
That are to be enjoyed, not to be wooed.
There's ne'er a shepherdess in all the plain
Can kiss thee with more art; there's none can feign
More wanton tricks.

Peri. Forbear, dear soul, to try
Whether my heart be pure; I'll rather die
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.

Amar. Still think'st thou such a thing as chastity
Is amongst women? Perigot, there 's none
That with her love is in a wood alone,
And would come home a maid: be not abused
With thy fond first belief; let time be used.
[*Perigot rises.*
Why dost thou rise?
Peri. My true heart thou hast slain!
Amar. Faith, Perigot, I 'll pluck thee down again.
Peri. Let go, thou serpent, that into my breast
Hast with thy cunning dived!—Art not in jest?
Amar. Sweet love, lie down.
Peri. Since this I live to see,
Some bitter north wind blast my flocks and me!
Amar. You swore you loved, yet will not do my will.
Peri. Oh, be as thou wert once, I 'll love thee still!
Amar. I am as still I was, and all my kind;
Though other shows we have, poor men to blind.
Peri. Then, here I end all love; and, lest my vain
Belief should ever draw me in again,
Before thy face, that hast my youth misled,
I end my life! my blood be on thy head!
[*Offers to kill himself with his spear.*
Amar. [*Rising.*] Oh, hold thy hands, thy Amoret doth cry!
Peri. Thou counsel'st well; first, Amoret shall die,
That is the cause of my eternal smart!
Amar. Oh, hold! [*Exit.*

Peri. This steel shall pierce thy lustful heart!
[*Exit, running after her.*

Sull. Shep. [*Coming forward.*] Up and down, every where,
I strew the herbs, to purge the air:
Let your odour drive hence
All mists that dazzle sense.
Herbs and springs, whose hidden might
Alters shapes, and mocks the sight,
Thus I charge ye to undo
All before I brought ye to!
Let her fly, let her 'scape;
Give again her own shape! [*Retires.*

Re-enter Amarillis in her own shape, and Perigot following with his spear.

Amar. Forbear, thou gentle swain! thou dost mistake;
She whom thou follow'dst fled into the brake,
And as I crossed thy way, I met thy wrath;
The only fear of which near slain me hath.

Peri. Pardon, fair shepherdess: my rage and night
Were both upon me, and beguiled my sight:
But far be it from me to spill the blood
Of harmless maids that wander in the wood!
[*Exit Amarilli*

Enter Amoret.

Amo. Many a weary step, in yonder path,

Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath,
To seek her Perigot; yet cannot hear
His voice.—My Perigot! She loves thee dear
That calls.
Peri. See yonder where she is! how fair
She shows! and yet her breath infects the air.
Amo. My Perigot!
Peri. Here.
Amo. Happy!
Peri. Hapless! first
It lights on thee: the next blow is the worst.
[*Wounds her.*
Amo. Stay, Perigot! my love, thou art unjust. [*Falls.*
Peri. Death is the best reward that 's due to lust. [*Exit.*
Sull. Shep. Now shall their love be crossed; for, being struck,
I 'll throw her in the fount, lest being took
By some night-traveller, whose honest care
May help to cure her.
[*Aside, and then comes forward.*
Shepherdess, prepare
Yourself to die!
Amo. No mercy do I crave;
Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have.
Tell him that gave me this; who loved him too,
He struck my soul, and not my body through;
Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be
At peace, if he but think he injured me.

Sull. Shep. In this fount be thy grave. Thou wert not meant
Sure for a woman, thou art so innocent.—
[*Flings her into the well.*
She cannot 'scape, for, underneath the ground,
In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,
Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth look,
The struggling water breaks out in a brook. [*Exit.*

The God of the River rises with Amoret in his arms.

God of the R. What powerful charms my streams do bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force that I their god,
Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks?
My fishes shoot into the banks;
There's not one that stays and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almost dead,
Fall'n into my river-head,
Hallowed so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell.
'Tis a female young and clear,
Cast in by some ravisher:
See, upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaster bound.

Yet, she's warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat.—
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure:
Take a drop into thy wound,
From my watery locks, more round
Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure.—
See, she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid;
I must have this bleeding stayed.
From my banks I pluck this flower
With holy hand, whose virtuous power
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber.—Virgin, speak.

Amo. Who hath restored my sense, given me new breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of death?

God of the R. I have healed thy wounds.

Amo. Aye, me!

God of the R. Fear not him that succoured thee.
I am this fountain's god: below,
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,

Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool streams shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I:
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in the mud;
But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen;
Orient pearl fit for a queen,
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in;
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly:
And, to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble, whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string. [*Sings.*

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river sweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;

Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee.

Amo. Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,
I know myself unworthy to be wooed
By thee, a god; for ere this, but for thee,
I should have shown my weak mortality:
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am betrothed unto a shepherd-swain,
Whose comely face, I know, the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.
God of the R. May he prove to thee as true!
Fairest virgin, now adieu:
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,
And beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their morning's watering;
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbour-people sate
On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old
Offered to my deity;
For which this year they shall be free
From raging floods, that as they pass
Leave their gravel in the grass;
Nor shall their meads be overflown
When their grass is newly mown.

Amo. For thy kindness to me shown,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course;
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook;
Barefoot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool streams, wife nor maid,
When the spawns on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry!
God of the R. Thanks, virgin. I must down again.
Thy wound will put thee to no pain:
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone;
A holy hand was laid upon. [*Descends.*
Amo. And I, unhappy born to be,
Must follow him that flies from me. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I

Part of the Wood

Enter Perigot.

Peri. She is untrue, unconstant, and unkind;
She's gone, she's gone! Blow high, thou north-west wind,
And raise the sea to mountains; let the trees
That dare oppose thy raging fury leese
Their firm foundation; creep into the earth,
And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth
Of some new prodigy; whilst I constant stand,
Holding this trusty boar-spear in my hand,
And falling thus upon it. [*Offers to fall on his spear.*

Enter Amarillis running.

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing hand! thou art too hot
Against thyself. Believe me, comely swain,
If that thou diest, not all the showers of rain

The heavy clouds send down can wash away
That foul unmanly guilt the world will lay
Upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands:
Believe me, she is constant; not the sands
Can be so hardly numbered as she won.
I do not trifle, shepherd; by the moon,
And all those lesser lights our eyes do view,
All that I told thee, Perigot, is true:
Then, be a free man; put away despair
And will to die; smooth gently up that fair,
Dejected forehead; be as when those eyes
Took the first heat.

Peri. Alas, he double dies
That would believe, but cannot! 'Tis not well
You keep me thus from dying, here to dwell
With many worse companions. But, oh, death!
I am not yet enamoured of this breath
So much but I dare leave it; 'tis not pain
In forcing of a wound, nor after-gain
Of many days, can hold me from my will:
'Tis not myself, but Amoret, bids kill.

Amar. Stay but a little, little; but one hour;
And if I do not show thee, through the power
Of herbs and words I have, as dark as night,
Myself turned to thy Amoret, in sight,
Her very figure, and the robe she wears,
With tawny buskins, and the hook she bears
Of thine own carving, where your names are set,

Wrought underneath with many a curious fret
The primrose-chaplet, tawdry-lace, and ring,
Thou gav'st her for her singing, with each thing
Else that she wears about her, let me feel
The first fell stroke of that revenging steel!

Peri. I am contented, if there be a hope,
To give it entertainment for the scope
Of one poor hour. Go; you shall find me next
Under yon shady beech, even thus perplext,
And thus believing.

Amar. Bind, before I go,
Thy soul by Pan unto me, not to do
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,
Till my return.

Peri. By Pan, and by the strife
He had with Phœbus for the mastery,
When golden Midas judged their minstrelsy,
I will not! [*Exeunt severally*

SCENE II

The Wood before Clorin's Bower:—Clorin discovered in the Bower

Enter Satyr carrying Alexis.

Sat. Softly gliding as I go,
With this burthen full of woe,
Through still silence of the night,

Guided by the glow-worm's light,
Hither am I come at last.
Many a thicket have I past;
Not a twig that durst deny me,
Not a bush that durst descry me
To the little bird that sleeps
On the tender spray; nor creeps
That hardy worm with pointed tail,
But if I be under sail,
Flying faster than the wind,
Leaving all the clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender head
In some hollow tree, or bed
Of seeded nettles; not a hare
Can be started from his fare
By my footing; nor a wish
Is more sudden, nor a fish
Can be found with greater ease
Cut the vast unbounded seas,
Leaving neither print nor sound,
Than I, when nimbly on the ground
I measure many a league an hour.
But, behold, the happy power
That must ease me of my charge,
And by holy hand enlarge
The soul of this sad man, that yet
Lies fast bound in deadly fit:
Heaven and great Pan succour it!—

Hail, thou beauty of the bower,
Whiter than the paramour
Of my master! Let me crave
Thy virtuous help, to keep from grave
This poor mortal, that here lies,
Waiting when the Destinies
Will undo his thread of life:
View the wound, by cruel knife
Trenched into him.

Clo. [*Coming from the bower.*] What art thou call's
from my holy rites,
And with the fearèd name of death affrights
My tender ears? speak me thy name and will.

Sat. I am the Satyr that did fill
Your lap with early fruit; and will,
When I hap to gather more,
Bring you better and more store.
Yet I come not empty now:
See, a blossom from the bough;
But beshrew his heart that pulled it,
And his perfect sight that culled it
From the other springing blooms!
For a sweeter youth the grooms
Cannot show me, nor the downs,
Nor the many neighbouring towns.
Low in yonder glade I found him;
Softly in mine arms I bound him;
Hither have I brought him sleeping

In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
In remembrance such youth may
Spring and perish in a day.
Clo. Satyr, they wrong thee that do term thee rude;
Though thou be'st outward-rough and tawny-hued,
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair
As his who brags himself born only heir
To all humanity. Let me see the wound:
This herb will stay the current, being bound
Fast to the orifice, and this restrain
Ulcers and swellings, and such inward pain
As the cold air hath forced into the sore;
This to draw out such putrefying gore
As inward falls.
Sat. Heaven grant it may do good!
Clo. Fairly wipe away the blood:
Hold him gently, till I fling
Water of a virtuous spring
On his temples; turn him twice
To the moonbeams; pinch him thrice;
That the labouring soul may draw
From his great eclipse.
Sat. I saw
His eyelids moving.
Clo. Give him breath;
All the danger of cold death
Now is vanished! with this plaster,
And this unction do I master

All the festered ill that may
Give him grief another day.
Sat. See, he gathers up his sprite,
And begins to hunt for light;
Now he gapes and breathes again:
How the blood runs to the vein
That erst was empty!
Alexis. O my heart!
My dearest, dearest Cloe! Oh, the smart
Runs through my side! I feel some pointed thing
Pass through my bowels, sharper than the sting
Of scorpion.——
Pan, preserve me!—What are you?
Do not hurt me: I am true
To my Cloe, though she fly,
And leave me to this destiny:
There she stands, and will not lend
Her smooth white hand to help her friend.
But I am much mistaken, for that face
Bears more austerity and modest grace,
More reproving and more awe,
Than these eyes yet ever saw
In my Cloe. Oh, my pain
Eagerly renews again!
Give me your help for his sake you love best.
Clo. Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest,
Till thou hast laid aside all heats, desires,
Provoking thoughts that stir up lusty fires,

Commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will
To execute; these must be purged until
The vein grow whiter; then repent, and pray
Great Pan to keep you from the like decay,
And I shall undertake your cure with ease;
Till when, this virtuous plaster will displease
Your tender sides. Give me your hand, and rise!
Help him a little, Satyr; for his thighs
Yet are feeble.

Alexis. [*Rising.*] Sure, I have lost much blood.

Sat. 'Tis no matter; 'twas not good.
Mortal, you must leave your wooing:
Though there be a joy in doing,
Yet it brings much grief behind it;
They best feel it, that do find it.

Clo. Come, bring him in; I will attend his sore.—
When you are well, take heed you lust no more.
[*Alexis is led into the bower.*

Sat. Shepherd, see, what comes of kissing;
By my head, 'twere better missing.
Brightest, if there be remaining
Any service, without feigning
I will do it; were I set
To catch the nimble wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the green,
Or to steal from the great queen
Of fairies all her beauty;

I would do it, so much duty
Do I owe those precious eyes.
Clo. I thank thee, honest Satyr. If the cries
Of any other, that be hurt or ill,
Draw thee unto them, prithee, do thy will
To bring them hither.
Sat. I will; and when the weather
Serves to angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook,
With a line of finest silk,
And a rod as white as milk,
To deceive the little fish:
So I take my leave, and wish
On this bower may ever dwell
Spring and summer!
Clo. Friend, farewell. [*Exit Satyr.* *Scene closes.*

SCENE III

Part of the Wood with the Holy Well

Enter Amoret.

Amo. This place is ominous; for here I lost
My love and almost life, and since have crost
All these woods over; ne'er a nook or dell,
Where any little bird or beast doth dwell,
But I have sought it; ne'er a bending brow
Of any hill, or glade the wind sings through,

Nor a green bank, nor shade where shepherds use
To sit and riddle, sweetly pipe, or choose
Their valentines, that I have missed, to find
My love in. Perigot! Oh, too unkind,
Why hast thou fled me? whither art thou gone?
How have I wronged thee? was my love alone
To thee worthy this scorned recompense? 'Tis well;
I am content to feel it. But I tell
Thee, shepherd, and these lusty woods shall hear,
Forsaken Amoret is yet as clear
Of any stranger fire, as heaven is
From foul corruption, or the deep abyss
From light and happiness; and thou mayst know
All this for truth, and how that fatal blow
Thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine
Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine,
Or fury more than madness: therefore here,
Since I have lost my life, my love, my dear,
Upon this cursèd place, and on this green
That first divorced us, shortly shall be seen
A sight of so great pity, that each eye
Shall daily spend his spring in memory
Of my untimely fall.

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. I am not blind,
Nor is it through the working of my mind

That this shows Amoret. Forsake me, all
That dwell upon the soul, but what men call
Wonder, or, more than wonder, miracle!
For, sure, so strange as this, the oracle
Never gave answer of; it passeth dreams,
Or madmen's fancy, when the many streams
Of new imaginations rise and fall:
'Tis but an hour since these ears heard her call
For pity to young Perigot; whilst he
Directed by his fury, bloodily
Lanched up her breast, which bloodless fell and cold;
And, if belief may credit what was told,
After all this, the Melancholy Swain
Took her into his arms, being almost slain,
And to the bottom of the holy well
Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.
'Tis she, the very same; 'tis Amoret,
And living yet; the great powers will not let
Their virtuous love be crossed. [*Aside.*]—Maid, wipe away
Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay
The storm that yet goes high, which, not deprest,
Breaks heart and life and all before it rest.
Thy Perigot——

Amo. Where, which is Perigot?

Amar. Sits there below, lamenting much, God wot,
Thee and thy fortune. Go, and comfort him;

And thou shalt find him underneath a brim
Of sailing pines, that edge yon mountain in.
Amo. I go, I run. Heaven grant me I may win
His soul again! [*Exit.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Stay, Amarillis, stay!
You are too fleet; 'tis two hours yet to day.
I have performed my promise; let us sit
And warm our bloods together, till the fit
Come lively on us.
Amar. Friend, you are too keen;
The morning riseth, and we shall be seen;
Forbear a little.
Sull. Shep. I can stay no longer.
Amar. Hold, shepherd, hold! learn not to be a wronger
Of your word. Was not your promise laid,
To break their loves first?
Sull. Shep. I have done it, maid.
Amar. No; they are yet unbroken, met again,
And are as hard to part yet as the stain
Is from the finest lawn.
Sull. Shep. I say, they are
Now at this present parted, and so far
That they shall never meet.
Amar. Swain, 'tis not so;
For do but to yon hanging mountain go,
And there believe your eyes.

Sull. Shep. You do but hold
Off with delays and trifles.—Farewell, cold
And frozen bashfulness, unfit for men!—
Thus I salute thee, virgin! [*Attempts to seize her.*
Amar. And thus, then,
I bid you follow: catch me if you can!
[*Exit running.*
Sull. Shep. And, if I stay behind, I am no man!
[*Exit, running after her.*

SCENE IV

A Dale in the Wood

Enter Perigot.

Peri. Night, do not steal away; I woo thee yet
To hold a hard hand o'er the rusty bit
That guides thy lazy team. Go back again,
Boötes, thou that driv'st thy frozen wain
Round as a ring, and bring a second night,
To hide my sorrows from the coming light;
Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,
And read my falling; give me some black place,
Where never sunbeam shot his wholesome light,
That I may sit and pour out my sad sprite
Like running water, never to be known
After the forcèd fall and sound is gone.

Enter Amoret.

Amo. This is the bottom.—Speak, if thou be here,
My Perigot! Thy Amoret, thy dear,
Calls on thy lovèd name.
Peri. What art thou dare
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care
Dwell on the face of darkness?
Amo. 'Tis thy friend,
Thy Amoret, come hither, to give end
To these consumings. Look up, gentle boy:
I have forgot those pains and dear annoy
I suffered for thy sake, and am content
To be thy love again. Why hast thou rent
Those curlèd locks, where I have often hung
Ribbons and damask-roses, and have flung
Waters distilled, to make thee fresh and gay,
Sweeter than nosegays on a bridal day?
Why dost thou cross thine arms, and hang thy face
Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace
From those two little heavens, upon the ground,
Showers of more price, more orient, and more round,
Than those that hang upon the moon's pale brow?
Cease these complainings, shepherd: I am now
The same I ever was, as kind and free,
And can forgive before you ask of me;
Indeed, I can and will.

Peri. So spoke my fair!
Oh, you great working powers of earth and air,
Water and forming fire, why have you lent
Your hidden virtues of so ill intent?
Even such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,
Had Amoret; such words, so smooth and new,
Came flowing from her tongue; such was her eye,
And such the pointed sparkle that did fly
Forth like a bleeding shaft; all is the same,
The robe and buskins, painted hook, and frame
Of all her body. Oh me, Amoret!
Amo. Shepherd, what means this riddle? who hath set
So strong a difference 'twixt myself and me,
That I am grown another? Look, and see
The ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist
That curious bracelet thou thyself didst twist
From those fair tresses. Know'st thou Amoret?
Hath not some newer love forced thee forget
Thy ancient faith?
Peri. Still nearer to my love!
These be the very words she oft did prove
Upon my temper; so she still would take
Wonder into her face, and silent make
Signs with her head and hand, as who would say,
'Shepherd, remember this another day.'
Amo. Am I not Amoret? where was I lost?
Can there be heaven, and time, and men, and most
Of these inconstant? Faith, where art thou fled?

Are all the vows and protestations dead,
The hands held up, the wishes and the heart?
Is there not one remaining, not a part
Of all these to be found? Why, then, I see
Men never knew that virtue, constancy.

Peri. Men ever were most blessèd, till cross fate
Brought love and woman forth, unfortunate
To all that ever tasted of their smiles;
Whose actions are all double, full of wiles;
Like to the subtle hare, that 'fore the hounds
Makes many turnings, leaps and many rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the scent
Of her pursuers.

Amo. 'Tis but to prevent
Their speedy coming on, that seek her fall;
The hands of cruel men, more bestial,
And of a nature more refusing good
Than beasts themselves or fishes of the flood.

Peri. Thou art all these, and more than nature meant
When she created all; frowns, joys, content;
Extreme fire for an hour, and presently
Colder than sleepy poison, or the sea
Upon whose face sits a continual frost;
Your actions ever driven to the most,
Then down again as low, that none can find
The rise or falling of a woman's mind.

Amo. Can there be any age, or days, or time,
Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime

As wronging simple maid? Oh, Perigot,
Thou that wast yesterday without a blot;
Thou that wast every good and every thing
That men call blessèd; thou that wast the spri
From whence our looser grooms drew all their b
Thou that wast always just and always blest
In faith and promise; thou that hadst the name
Of virtuous given thee, and made good the same
Even from thy cradle; thou that wast that all
That men delighted in! Oh, what a fall
Is this, to have been so, and now to be
The only best in wrong and infamy!
And I to live to know this! and by me,
That loved thee dearer than mine eyes, or that
Which we esteemed our honour, virgin-state!
Dearer than swallows love the early morn,
Or dogs of chase the sound of merry horn;
Dearer than thou canst love thy new love, if thou hast
Another, and far dearer than the last;
Dearer than thou canst love thyself, though all
The self-love were within thee that did fall
With that coy swain that now is made a flower,
For whose dear sake Echo weeps many a shower!
And am I thus rewarded for my flame?
Loved worthily to get a wanton's name?
Come, thou forsaken willow, wind my head,
And noise it to the world, my love is dead!

I am forsaken, I am cast away,
And left for every lazy groom to say
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
Than the quick clouds we see, or the chill frost
When the hot sun beats on it! Tell me yet,
Canst thou not love again thy Amoret?

Peri. Thou art not worthy of that blessed name:
I must not know thee: fling thy wanton flame
Upon some lighter blood that may be hot
With words and feignèd passions; Perigot
Was ever yet unstained, and shall not now
Stoop to the meltings of a borrowed brow.

Amo. Then hear me, Heaven, to whom I call for right,
And you, fair twinkling stars, that crown the night;
And hear me, woods, and silence of this place,
And ye, sad hours, that move a sullen pace;
Hear me, ye shadows, that delight to dwell
In horrid darkness, and ye powers of hell,
Whilst I breathe out my last! I am that maid,
That yet-untainted Amoret, that played
The careless prodigal, and gave away
My soul to this young man that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same, more vild;
And thus with much belief I was beguiled:
I am that maid, that have delayed, denied,
And almost scorned the loves of all that tried
To win me, but this swain; and yet confess
I have been wooed by many with no less

Soul of affection; and have often had
Rings, belts, and cracknels, sent me from
That feeds his flocks down westward; lambs
By young Alexis; Daphnis sent me gloves
All which I gave to thee: nor these nor the
That sent them did I smile on, or e'er lay
Up to my after-memory. But why
Do I resolve to grieve, and not to die?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if ho
By this time had I found a quiet room,
Where every slave is free, and every breast,
That living bred new care, now lies at rest;
And thither will poor Amoret.

Peri. Thou must.
Was ever any man so loath to trust
His eyes as I? or was there ever yet
Any so like as this to Amoret?
For whose dear sake I promise, if there be
A living soul within thee, thus to free
Thy body from it! [*Wounds her with his sy*

Amo. [*Falling.*] So, this work hath end.
Farewell, and live; be constant to thy friend
That loves thee next.

Enter Satyr; Perigot runs off.

Sat. See, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold,

Whilst the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit:
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay:
Therefore here I end my watch,
Lest the wandering swain should catch
Harm, or lose himself.

Amo. Ah me!

Sat. Speak again, whate'er thou be;
I am ready; speak, I say;
By the dawning of the day,
By the power of night and Pan,
I enforce thee speak again!

Amo. Oh, I am most unhappy

Sat. Yet more blood!
Sure, these wanton swains are wood.
Can there be a hand or heart
Dare commit so vild a part
As this murder? By the moon,
That hid herself when this was done,
Never was a sweeter face:
I will bear her to the place
Where my goddess keeps, and crave
Her to give her life or grave.

[*Exit, carrying Amoret.*

SCENE V

The Wood before Clorin's Bower

Enter Clorin.

Clo. Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure,
I steal abroad to do another cure.—
Pardon, thou buried body of my love,
That from thy side I dare so soon remove;
I will not prove unconstant, nor will leave
Thee for an hour alone: when I deceive
My first-made vow, the wildest of the wood
Tear me, and o'er thy grave let out my blood!
I go by wit to cure a lover's pain,
Which no herb can; being done, I'll come again.
[*Exit.*

Enter Thenot.

The. Poor shepherd, in this shade for ever lie, 11
And seeing thy fair Clorin's cabin, die!
[*Lying down.*
Oh, hapless love, which being answered, ends!
And, as a little infant cries and bends
His tender brows, when, rolling of his eye,
He hath espied something that glisters nigh,
Which he would have, yet, give it him, away

He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play
With something else; such my affection, set
On that which I should loathe, if I could get.

Re-enter Clorin.

Clo. See, where he lies! Did ever man but he
Love any woman for her constancy
To her dead lover, which she needs must end
Before she can allow him for her friend,
And he himself must needs the cause destroy
For which he loves, before he can enjoy?
Poor shepherd, Heaven grant I at once may free
Thee from thy pain, and keep my loyalty!—
[*Aside.*
Shepherd, look up.

The. Thy brightness doth amaze;
So Phœbus may at noon bid mortals gaze;
Thy glorious constancy appears so bright,
I dare not meet the beams with my weak sight.

Clo. Why dost thou pine away thyself for me?

The. Why dost thou keep such spotless constancy?

Clo. Thou holy shepherd, see what for thy sake
Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake.

The. [*Starting up.*] Stay there, thou constant Clorin! if there be
Yet any part of woman left in thee,
To make thee light, think yet before thou speak.

Clo. See, what a holy vow for thee I break;

I, that already have my fame far spread
For being constant to my lover dead.
The. Think yet, dear Clorin, of your love; how true,
If you had died, he would have been to you.
Clo. Yet, all I 'll lose for thee——
The. Think but how bles
A constant woman is above the rest!
Clo. And offer up myself, here on this ground,
To be disposed by thee.
The. Why dost thou wound
His heart with malice against women more,
That hated all the sex but thee before?
How much more pleasant had it been to me
To die than to behold this change in thee!
Yet, yet return; let not the woman sway!
Clo. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
Who for thy sake hath ventured all her fame.
The. Thou hast not ventured, but bought certain shame
Your sex's curse, foul falsehood, must and shall,
I see, once in your lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now. Yet turn!
Clo. Be just to me:
Shall I at once lose both my fame and thee?
The. Thou hadst no fame; that which thou didst like good
Was but thy appetite that swayed thy blood
For that time to the best: for as a blast
That through a house comes, usually doth cast
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,

And blow some one thing to his proper room,
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeal,
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.
Yet turn!

Clo. Thou dost but try me, if I would
Forsake thy dear embraces for my old
Love's, though he were alive: but do not fear.

The. I do contemn thee now, and dare come near,
And gaze upon thee; for methinks that grace,
Austerity, which sate upon that face,
Is gone, and thou like others. False maid, see,
This is the gain of foul inconstancy! [*Exit.*

Clo. 'Tis done:—great Pan, I give thee thanks for it!—
What art could not have cured is healed by wit.

Re-enter Thenot.

The. Will you be constant yet? will you remove
Into the cabin to your buried love?

Clo. No, let me die, but by thy side remain.

The. There's none shall know that thou didst ever stain
Thy worthy strictness, but shalt honoured be,
And I will lie again under this tree,
And pine and die for thee with more delight
Than I have sorrow now to know thee light.

Clo. Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou wilt.

The. Thou art of women's race, and full of guilt.
Farewell all hope of that sex! Whilst I thought

There was one good, I feared to find one naught:
But since their minds I all alike espy,
Henceforth I 'll choose, as others, by mine eye.
[*Exit.*

Clo. Blest be ye powers that gave such quick redress,
And for my labours sent so good success!
I rather choose, though I a woman be,
He should speak ill of all than die for me.
[*Exit into the bower.*

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I

A Village

Enter Priest of Pan and Old Shepherd.

Priest. Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep!
See, the blushing morn doth peep
Through the windows, whilst the sun
To the mountain-tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag and bottle for the field!
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter north-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Go without a friend all day;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay:
So unfold, and then away!

What, not a shepherd stirring? Sure, the grooms
Have found their beds too easy, or the rooms
Filled with such new delight and heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry sheep and day.
Knock, that they may remember what a shame
Sloth and neglect lays on a shepherd's name.
Old Shep. [*After knocking at several doors.*] It is to little purpose; not a swain
This night hath known his lodging here, or lain
Within these cotes; the woods, or some near town
That is a neighbour to the bordering down,
Hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lusty sport,
Or spicèd wassail bowl, to which resort
All the young men and maids of many a cote,
Whilst the trim minstrel strikes his merry note.
Priest. God pardon sin!—Show me the way that leads
To any of their haunts.
Old Shep. This to the meads,
And that down to the woods.
Priest. Then, this for me.
Come, shepherd, let me crave your company.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

The Wood before Clorin's Bower: Clorin and Alexis discovered in the bower; at the side of the stage, a hollow tree, in which are Cloe and Daphnis.

Clo. Now your thoughts are almost pure,
And your wound begins to cure;
Strive to banish all that's vain,
Lest it should break out again.
Alexis. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid!
I find my former wandering thoughts well staid
Through thy wise precepts; and my outward pain
By thy choice herbs is almost gone again:
Thy sex's vice and virtue are revealed
At once; for what one hurt another healed.
Clo. May thy grief more appease!
Relapses are the worst disease.
Take heed how you in thought offend;
So mind and body both will mend.

Enter Satyr, carrying Amoret.

Amo. Be'st thou the wildest creature of the wood,
That bear'st me thus away, drowned in my blood,
And dying, know I cannot injured be;
I am a maid; let that name fight for me.
Sat. Fairest virgin, do not fear
Me, that doth thy body bear,

Not to hurt, but healed to be;
Men are ruder far than we.—
See, fair goddess, in the wood
They have let out yet more blood:
Some savage man hath struck her breast,
So soft and white, that no wild beast
Durst have touched, asleep or 'wake;
So sweet, that adder, newt, or snake,
Would have lain, from arm to arm,
On her bosom to be warm
All a night, and, being hot,
Gone away, and stung her not.
Quickly clap herbs to her breast.
A man, sure, is a kind of beast.

Clo. With spotless hand on spotless breast
I put these herbs, to give thee rest:
Which till I heal thee, there will bide,
If both be pure; if not, off slide.—
See, it falls off from the wound!
Shepherdess, thou art not sound,
Full of lust.

Sat. Who would have thought it?
So fair a face!

Clo. Why, that hath brought it.

Amo. For aught I know or think, these words my
Yet, Pan so help me as my thoughts are chast

Clo. And so may Pan bless this my cure,
As all my thoughts are just and pure!

Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,
That will not let my medicines work.—
Satyr, search if thou canst find it.
Sat. Here away methinks I wind it:
Stronger yet.—Oh, here they be;
Here, here, in a hollow tree,
Two fond mortals have I found.
Clo. Bring them out; they are unsound.
Sat. [*Bringing out Cloe, and Daphnis.*] By the fingers thus I wring ye,
To my goddess thus I bring ye;
Strife is vain, come gently in.—
I scented them; they're full of sin.
Clo. Hold, Satyr; take this glass,
Sprinkle over all the place,
Purge the air from lustful breath,
To save this shepherdess from death:
And stand you still whilst I do dress
Her wound, for fear the pain increase.
Sat. From this glass I throw a drop
Of crystal water on the top
Of every grass, on flowers a pair:
Send a fume, and keep the air
Pure and wholesome, sweet and blest,
Till this virgin's wound be drest.
Clo. Satyr, help to bring her in.
Sat. By Pan, I think she hath no sin,
[*Carrying Amoret into the bower.*

She is so light.—Lie on these leaves.
Sleep, that mortal sense deceives,
Crown thine eyes and ease thy pain;
May'st thou soon be well again!

Clo. Satyr, bring the shepherd near;
Try him, if his mind be clear.

Sat. Shepherd, come.

Daph. My thoughts are pure.

Sat. The better trial to endure.

Clo. In this flame his finger thrust,
Which will burn him if he lust;
But if not, away will turn,
As loath unspotted flesh to burn.—
[*Satyr applies Daphnis's finger to the*
See, it gives back; let him go.

Sat. Farewell, mortal: keep thee so.
[*Exit Da*

Stay, fair nymph; fly not so fast;
We must try if you be chaste.—
Here's a hand that quakes for fear;
Sure, she will not prove so clear.

Clo. Hold her finger to the flame;
That will yield her praise or shame.

Sat. To her doom she dares not stand,
[*Applies Cloe's finger to the*
But plucks away her tender hand;
And the taper darting sends
His hot beams at her fingers' ends.—

Oh, thou art foul within, and hast
A mind, if nothing else, unchaste!
Alex. Is not that Cloe? 'Tis my love, 'tis she!
Cloe, fair Cloe!
Cloe. My Alexis!
Alex. He.
Cloe. Let me embrace thee.
Clo. Take her hence,
Lest her sight disturb his sense.
Alex. Take not her; take my life first!
Clo. See, his wound again is burst:
Keep her near, here in the wood,
Till I have stopt these streams of blood.
[*Satyr leads off Cloe.*
Soon again he ease shall find,
If I can but still his mind.
This curtain thus I do display,
To keep the piercing air away.
[*Draws a Curtain before the Bower. Scene closes.*

SCENE III

A Pasture

Enter Old Shepherd and Priest of Pan.

Priest. Sure, they are lost for ever: 'tis in vain
To find them out with trouble and much pain,

That have a ripe desire and forward will
To fly the company of all but ill.
What shall be counselled now? shall we retire,
Or constant follow still that first desire
We had to find them?

Old Shep. Stay a little while;
For, if the morning's mist do not beguile
My sight with shadows, sure I see a swain;
One of this jolly troop's come back again.

Enter Thenot.

Priest. Dost thou not blush, young shepherd, to be known
Thus without care leaving thy flocks alone,
And following what desire and present blood
Shapes out before thy burning sense for good;
Having forgot what tongue hereafter may
Tell to the world thy falling off, and say
Thou art regardless both of good and shame.
Spurning at virtue and a virtuous name?
And like a glorious desperate man, that buys
A poison of much price, by which he dies,
Dost thou lay out for lust, whose only gain
Is foul disease, with present age and pain,
And then a grave? These be the fruits that grow
In such hot veins, that only beat to know
Where they may take most ease, and grow ambitious
Through their own wanton fire and pride delicious.

The. Right holy sir, I have not known this night
What the smooth face of mirth was, or the sight
Of any looseness; music, joy, and ease,
Have been to me as bitter drugs to please
A stomach lost with weakness, not a game
That I am skilled at thoroughly: nor a dame,
Went her tongue smoother than the feet of time,
Her beauty ever-living like the rhyme
Our blessèd Tityrus did sing of yore;
No, were she more enticing than the store
Of fruitful summer, when the loaden tree
Bids the faint traveller be bold and free;
'Twere but to me like thunder 'gainst the bay,
Whose lightning may enclose, but never stay
Upon his charmèd branches; such am I
Against the catching flames of woman's eye.
Priest. Then, wherefore hast thou wandered?
The. 'Twas a vow
That drew me out last night, which I have now
Strictly performed, and homewards go to give
Fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.
Priest. 'Tis good to hear you, shepherd, if the heart
In this well-sounding music bear his part.
Where have you left the rest?
The. I have not seen,
Since yesternight we met upon this green
To fold our flocks up, any of that train;
Yet have I walked those woods round, and have lain

All this long night under an agèd tree;
Yet neither wandering shepherd did I see,
Or shepherdess; or drew into mine ear
The sound of living thing, unless it were
The nightingale, among the thick-leaved spring
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
Whole nights away in mourning; or the owl,
Or our great enemy, that still doth howl
Against the moon's cold beams.

Priest. Go, and beware
Of after-falling.

The. Father, 'tis my care. [*Exit.*

Enter Daphnis

Old. Shep. Here comes another straggler; sure I see
A shame in this young shepherd.—Daphnis?

Daph. He.

Priest. Where hast thou left the rest, that should have been
Long before this grazing upon the green
Their yet-imprisoned flocks?

Daph. Thou holy man,
Give me a little breathing, till I can
Be able to unfold what I have seen;
Such horror, that the like hath never been
Known to the ear of shepherd. Oh, my heart
Labours a double motion to impart
So heavy tidings! You all know the bower

Where the chaste Clorin lives, by whose great power
Sick men and cattle have been often cured;
There lovely Amoret, that was assured
To lusty Perigot, bleeds out her life,
Forced by some iron hand and fatal knife;
And, by her, young Alexis.

Enter Amarillis, running.

Amar. If there be
Ever a neighbour-brook or hollow tree,
Receive my body, close me up from lust
That follows at my heels! Be ever just,
Thou god of shepherds, Pan, for her dear sake
That loves the rivers' brinks, and still doth shake
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit;
Let me be made a reed, and, ever mute,
Nod to the waters' fall, whilst every blast
Sings through my slender leaves that I was chaste!
Priest. This is a night of wonder.—Amarill,
Be comforted: the holy gods are still
Revengers of these wrongs.
Amar. Thou blessèd man,
Honoured upon these plains, and loved of Pan,
Hear me, and save from endless infamy
My yet-unblasted flower, virginity!
By all the garlands that have crowned that head,
By thy chaste office, and the marriage-bed
That still is blessed by thee; by all the rites

Due to our god, and by those virgin-lights
That burn before his altar; let me not
Fall from my former state, to gain the blot
That never shall be purged! I am not now
That wanton Amarillis: here I vow
To Heaven, and thee, grave father, if I may
Scape this unhappy night, to know the day
A virgin, never after to endure
The tongues or company of men unpure!
I hear him come; save me!

Priest. Retire a while
Behind this bush, till we have known that vile
Abuser of young maidens. [*They retire.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Stay thy pace,
Most lovèd Amarillis; let the chase
Grow calm and milder; fly me not so fast:
I fear the pointed brambles have unlaced
Thy golden buskins. Turn again, and see
Thy shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
Able to give thee all content and ease:
I am not bashful, virgin; I can please
At first encounter, hug thee in mine arm,
And give thee many kisses, soft and warm
As those the sun prints on the smiling cheek
Of plums or mellow peaches; I am sleek

And smooth as Neptune when stern Æolus
Locks up his surly winds, and nimbly thus
Can show my active youth. Why dost thou fly?
Remember, Amarillis, it was I
That killed Alexis for thy sake, and set
An everlasting hate 'twixt Amoret
And her belovèd Perigot; 'twas I
That drowned her in the well, where she must lie
Till time shall leave to be. Then, turn again,
Turn with thy open arms, and clip the swain
That hath performed all this; turn, turn, I say;
I must not be deluded.

Priest. [*Coming forward.*] Monster, stay!
Thou that art like a canker to the state
Thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate
Through every honest bosom, forcing still
The veins of any that may serve thy will;
Thou that hast offered with a sinful hand
To seize upon this virgin, that doth stand
Yet trembling here!

Sull. Shep. Good holiness, declare
What had the danger been, if being bare
I had embraced her; tell me, by your art,
What coming wonders would that sight impart.

Priest. Lust and a branded soul.

Sull. Shep. Yet, tell me more;
Hath not our mother Nature, for her store
And great encrease, said it is good and just,

And willed that every living creature must
Beget his like?

Priest. You're better read than I,
I must confess, in blood and lechery.—
Now to the bower, and bring this beast along,
Where he may suffer penance for his wrong.
[*Exeu*

SCENE IV

Part of the Wood

Enter Perigot, with his hand bloody.

Peri. Here will I wash it in the morning's dew,
Which she on every little grass doth strew
In silver drops against the sun's appear:
'Tis holy water, and will make me clear.
My hand will not be cleansed.—My wrongèd love,
If thy chaste spirit in the air yet move,
Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand
All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand;
And though I struck thee undeservedly,
Let my revenge on her that injured thee
Make less a fault which I intended not,
And let these dew-drops wash away my spot!—
It will not cleanse. Oh, to what sacred flood
Shall I resort, to wash away this blood?
Amidst these trees the holy Clorin dwells,

In a low cabin of cut boughs, and heals
All wounds: to her I will myself address,
And my rash faults repentantly confess;
Perhaps she'll find a means, by art or prayer,
To make my hand, with chaste blood stainèd, fair.
That done, not far hence, underneath some tree
I'll have a little cabin built, since she
Whom I adored is dead; there will I give
Myself to strictness, and, like Clorin, live. [*Exit.*

SCENE V

The Wood before Clorin's Bower: Clorin discovered sitting in the Bower, Amoret sitting on one side of her, Alexis and Cloe on the other; the Satyr standing by.

Clo. Shepherd, once more your blood is staid:
Take example by this maid,
Who is healed ere you be pure;
So hard it is lewd lust to cure.
Take heed, then, how you turn your eye
On this other lustfully.—
And, shepherdess, take heed lest you
Move his willing eye thereto:
Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile,
Of yours, his weaker sense beguile.—

Is your love yet true and chaste,
And for ever so to last?
Alexis. I have forgot all vain desires,
All looser thoughts, ill-tempered fires:
True love I find a pleasant fume,
Whose moderate heat can ne'er consume.
Cloe. And I a new fire feel in me,
Whose chaste flame is not quenched to be.
Clo. Join your hands with modest touch,
And for ever keep you such.

Enter Perigot.

Peri. Yon is her cabin: thus far off I 'll stand,
And call her forth; for my unhallowed hand
I dare not bring so near yon sacred place.—
[*Aside.*
Clorin, come forth, and do a timely grace
To a poor swain.
Clo. What art thou that dost call?
Clorin is ready to do good to all:
Come near.
Peri. I dare not.
Clo. Satyr, see
Who it is that calls on me.
Sat. [*Coming from the bower.*] There, at hand, some swain doth stand,
Stretching out a bloody hand.

Peri. Come, Clorin, bring thy holy waters clear,
To wash my hand.
Clo. [*Coming out.*] What wonders have been here
To-night! Stretch forth thy hand, young swain;
Wash and rub it, whilst I rain
Holy water.
Peri. Still you pour,
But my hand will never scour.
Clo. Satyr, bring him to the bower:
We will try the sovereign power
Of other waters.
Sat. Mortal, sure,
'Tis the blood of maiden pure
That stains thee so.

The Satyr leads him to the bower, where, seeing Amoret, he kneels down before her.

Peri. Whate'er thou be,
Be'st thou her sprite, or some divinity,
That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,
Pardon poor Perigot!
Amo. I am thy love,
Thy Amoret, for evermore thy love:
Strike once more on my naked breast, I 'll prove
As constant still. Oh, couldst thou love me yet,
How soon could I my former griefs forget!
Peri. So over-great with joy that you live, now

I am, that no desire of knowing how
Doth seize me. Hast thou still power to forgive?

Amo. Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to live:
More welcome now than hadst thou never gone
Astray from me!

Peri. And when thou lov'st alone,
And not I thee, death, or some lingering pain
That's worse, light on me!

Clo. Now your stain
Perhaps will cleanse thee; once again.
See, the blood that erst did stay,
With the water drops away.
All the powers again are pleased,
And with this new knot are appeased.
Join your hands, and rise together:
Pan be blessed that brought you hither!

Enter Priest of Pan and Old Shepherd.

Go back again, whate'er thou art; unless
Smooth maiden-thoughts possess thee, do not press
This hallowed ground.—Go, Satyr, take his hand,
And give him present trial.

Sat. Mortal, stand,
Till by fire I have made known
Whether thou be such a one
That mayst freely tread this place.
Hold thy hand up.—Never was

[*Applying the Priest's hand to the taper.*

More untainted flesh than this.
Fairest, he is full of bliss.
Clo. Then boldly speak, why dost thou seek this place?
Priest. First, honoured virgin, to behold thy face,
Where all good dwells that is; next, for to try
The truth of late report was given to me,—
Those shepherds that have met with foul mischance
Through much neglect and more ill governance,
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure
The open air, or stay a longer cure;
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light
Upon those guilty wretches, through whose spite
All this confusion fell; for to this place,
Thou holy maiden, have I brought the race
Of these offenders, who have freely told
Both why and by what means they gave this bold
Attempt upon their lives.
Clo. Fume all the ground,
And sprinkle holy water, for unsound
And foul infection 'gins to fill the air:
It gathers yet more strongly; take a pair
[*The Satyr fumes the ground, etc.*
Of censers filled with frankincense and myrrh,
Together with cold camphire: quickly stir
Thee, gentle Satyr, for the place begins
To sweat and labour with th' abhorrèd sins
Of those offenders: let them not come nigh,
For full of itching flame and leprosy

Their very souls are, that the ground goes back,
And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black
And so unheard-of venom.—Hie thee fast,
Thou holy man, and banish from the chaste
These manlike monsters; let them never more
Be known upon these downs, but, long before
The next sun's rising, put them from the sight
And memory of every honest wight:
Be quick in expedition, lest the sores
Of these weak patients break into new gores.
[*Exit Priest of Pan.*

Peri. My dear, dear Amoret, how happy are
Those blessèd pairs, in whom a little jar
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong
For time, or steel, or envy to do wrong!
How do you feel your hurts? Alas, poor heart,
How much I was abused! Give me the smart,
For it is justly mine.

Amo. I do believe:
It is enough, dear friend; leave off to grieve,
And let us once more, in despite of ill,
Give hands and hearts again.

Peri. With better will
Than e'er I went to find in hottest day
Cool crystal of the fountain, to allay
My eager thirst. May this band never break!
Hear us, oh, Heaven!

Amo. Be constant.

Peri. Else Pan wreak
With double vengeance my disloyalty!
Let me not dare to know the company
Of men, or any more behold those eyes!
Amo. Thus, shepherd, with a kiss all envy dies.

Re-enter Priest of Pan.

Priest. Bright maid, I have performed your will. The swain
In whom such heat and black rebellions reign
Hath undergone your sentence and disgrace:
Only the maid I have reserved, whose face
Shows much amendment; many a tear doth fall
In sorrow of her fault: great fair, recall
Your heavy doom, in hope of better days,
Which I dare promise; once again upraise
Her heavy spirit, that near drownèd lies
In self-consuming care that never dies.
Clo. I am content to pardon; call her in.—
[*Priest of Pan brings in Amarillis.*
The air grows cool again, and doth begin
To purge itself: how bright the day doth show
After this stormy cloud!—Go, Satyr, go,
And with this taper boldly try her hand:
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
To be so still, we have performed a work
Worthy the gods themselves.

Sat. Come forward, maiden; do not lurk,
Nor hide your face with grief and shame;
Now or never get a name
That may raise thee, and re-cure
All thy life that was impure.
Hold your hand unto the flame;
If thou be'st a perfect dame,
Or hast truly vowed to mend,
This pale fire will be thy friend.—
[*Applies her hand to the ta*
See, the taper hurts her not!
Go thy ways; let never spot
Henceforth seize upon thy blood:
Thank the gods, and still be good.
Clo. Young shepherdess, now you are brought again
To virgin-state, be so, and so remain
To thy last day, unless the faithful love
Of some good shepherd force thee to remove;
Then labour to be true to him, and live
As such a one that ever strives to give
A blessèd memory to after-time;
Be famous for your good, not for your crime.—
Now, holy man, I offer up again
These patients, full of health and free from pain:
Keep them from after-ills; be ever near
Unto their actions; teach them how to clear
The tedious way they pass through from suspect;
Keep them from wronging others, or neglect

Of duty in themselves ; correct the blood
With thrifty bits and labour ; let the flood,
Or the next neighbouring spring, give remedy
To greedy thirst and travail, not the tree
That hangs with wanton clusters ; let not wine,
Unless in sacrifice or rites divine,
Be ever known of shepherds ; have a care,
Thou man of holy life ! Now do not spare
Their faults through much remissness, nor forget
To cherish him whose many pains and sweat
Hath given increase and added to the downs ;
Sort all your shepherds from the lazy clowns
That feed their heifers in the budded brooms ;
Teach the young maidens strictness, that the grooms
May ever fear to tempt their blowing youth ;
Banish all compliment, but single truth,
From every tongue and every shepherd's heart ;
Let them still use persuading, but no art.
Thus, holy priest, I wish to thee and these
All the best goods and comforts that may please.

'll. And all those blessings Heaven did ever give,
We pray upon this bower may ever live.

'riest. Kneel, every shepherd, while with powerful hand
I bless your after-labours, and the land
You feed your flocks upon. Great Pan defend you
From misfortune, and amend you ;
Keep you from those dangers still
That are followed by your will ;

Give ye means to know at length,
All your riches, all your strength,
Cannot keep your foot from falling
To lewd lust, that still is calling
At your cottage, till his power
Bring again that golden hour
Of peace and rest to every soul;
May his care of you controul
All diseases, sores, or pain,
That in after-time may reign
Either in your flocks or you;
Give ye all affections new,
New desires, and tempers new,
That ye may be ever true!
Now rise, and go; and, as ye pass away,
Sing to the God of Sheep that happy lay
That honest Dorus taught ye,—Dorus, he
That was the soul and god of melody.

[*They sing and strew the ground with flowers.*

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honoured. Daffadillies,
Roses, pinks, and lovèd lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honoured, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung!

[*Exeunt all except Clorin and Satyr.*

Sat. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessèd,
Eyes of stars, and golden-tressèd
Like Apollo; tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes

Of many colours? get thee fruit,
Or steal from Heaven old Orpheus' lute?
All these I 'll venture for, and more,
To do her service all these woods adore.
Clo. No other service, Satyr, but thy watch
About these thicks, lest harmless people catch
Mischief or sad mischance.
Sat. Holy virgin, I will dance
Round about these woods as quick
As the breaking light, and prick
Down the lawns and down the vales
Faster than the windmill-sails.
So I take my leave, and pray
All the comforts of the day,
Such as Phœbus' heat doth send
On the earth, may still befriend
Thee and this arbour!
Clo. And to thee
All my master's love be free! [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

ABUSED, deceived; II. iv. 4.
AFFECT, love; I. ii. 130.
AGE. See 'Pleasing age.'
AMISS, fault; *Dedication to Sir R. Townshend*, 4.
ASSURED, affianced; V. iii. 76.

BEND, bent, aim; I. iii. 67.
BITS, morsels; V. v. 17.
BLASTED, blighted; III. i. 7.
BOLT, arrow; II. iii. 51.
BREAK UPON, break in upon, interrupt; I. iii. 50.
BREAKING, dawning; V. v. 269.
BUT, unless; I. iii. 97: except; II. iii. 69.
BUT IF, unless; IV. ii. 12.

CALAMINT, a fragrant herb; II. ii. 30.
CAREFUL, anxious; III. i. 274.
CHANGE, exchange; III. i. 224.
CHAPLETS, garlands; I. iii. 109.
CLIP, embrace; I. ii. 142.
CLOTE, yellow water-lily; II. ii. 12.
CORDEVAN, leather from Cordova in Spain.
CORONALS, garlands; I. i. 11.
COTES, cottages; V. i. 26.
CRACKNELS, biscuits; IV. iv. 145.

DABBLING, moistening; III. i. 258.
DARNEL, a weed; II. ii. 29.
DEBATE, discord; V. iii. 134.
DELICATES, delicate flowers; I. iii. 108.
DENY, refuse; II. iv. 85.
DEPREST, assuaged; IV. iii. 51.
DOUBLE, false; IV. iv. 70.
DRAW, move, pass; IV. ii. 80.
DYINGS, languishings; II. iv. 78.

EASY, light-hearted; II. ii. 122.
ENCREASE, increase; V. iii. 145.
ENTERTAIN, admit of; II. iv. 21.
ENVY, hatred; V. v. 126.
ERROR, mazes; II. ii. 126.
ERST, before; IV. ii. 91.
EXPEDITION, despatch; V. v. 107.

FANCY, love; II. ii. 148.
FARE, food; IV. ii. 18.
FLUNG, flung himself, hurried; III. i. 107.
FOIL, grace, beauty; I. iii. 14.
FOND, foolish; II. ii. 139.
FREE, gracious; IV. iv. 33: freer; I. ii. 185.
FRET, ornament; IV. i. 40.

GAUDY, merry, bright; I. iii. 60.
'GINS, begins; II. i. 3.
GLORIOUS, proud; V. iii. 19.
GREENNESS, freshness; II. ii. 87.
GRIEF, bodily pain; II. ii. 87.

HAP, chance; IV. ii. 46.
HARDLY, with difficulty; IV. i. 17.
HARDLY-GOTTEN, procured with difficulty; III. i. 237.
HIS, its; I. ii. 243.

HOLT, copse; II. iii. 52.
HOREHOUND, a medicinal plant; II. ii. 13.

ILL, sinful; I. iii. 140.
IMPOSTHUMED, fettered, swollen; II. ii. 92.
IMPROPER, common; *To the Reader.*
INSULT ON, exult over; IV. v. 54.

KEEP, frequent; III. i. 147.
KENNING, view, sight; II. ii. 165.
KNACK, knick-knack, trifle; II. iii. 50.

LABOURS, labours under; V. iii. 72.
LANCHED, lanced; IV. iii. 41.
LEAVE, cease; I. ii. 127; V. iii. 129.
LEESE, lose; IV. i. 4.
LIGHT, fickle; IV. iv. 118.
LOADEN, laden; V. iii. 37.
LUSTY, merry; I. i. 20.
LYSIMACHUS, the plant loosestrife; II. ii. 26.

MAKE ME LEAVE, give me leave; III. i. 455.
MAZE, confusion; I. iii. 161.
MERELY, utterly; II. iv. 91.
MORRIS-DANCES, popular country-dances, originally of a military character, borrowed from the Moors; *To the Reader.*
MOST, uttermost, utmost limit; IV. iv. 85.

NAUGHT, evil; IV. v. 90.
NEW-YEANED, new-born; III. i. 275.
NOISE, proclaim; IV. iv. 114.
NUMBERS, harmony; II. i. 33.

ONLY, wholly, solely; I. ii. 171: IV. iv. 100: sole, IV. ii. 65: mere, III. i. 333.

PLEASING AGE, youth; I. iii. 49.
'POINTED, appointed; I. iii. 138.
PRESENT, immediate; V. v. 68: present time, IV. iii. 73.
PRICK, speed; V. v. 265.
PRIME, dawn; II. ii. 10.

QUICK, living; I. ii. 188.

RACK, cloud-drift; V. v. 246.
RESORT, approach; II. iii. 48.
RHAMNUS, the buckthorn; II. ii. 15.
RIGHT, forthwith, at once; III. i. 184.
ROUNDS, roundelays, catches; I. iii. 46.

SAD, sober, serious, important; II. iii. 98.
SAILING, used as masts for ships; IV. iii. 57.
SALLET, salad; *Dedication to Sir R. Townshend*, 22.
SCANT, limit, stint; I. ii. 120.
SEASONS, smacks, savours; II. iv. 71.
SECOND, help; II. iii. 63.
SECURE, free from thought; II. i. 26.
SEVERAL, separate, single; I. ii. 199.
SILLY, simple; I. ii. 173.
SIMPLES, medicinal herbs; II. iii. 72.
SLOUGH, husk; III. i. 269.
SORT, lot, pack; III. i. 278.
STANDERGRASS, the *Orchis mascula*; II. ii. 35.
STARTUPS, high boots laced above the ankle; II. iv. 55.
STAY, await; V. v. 81.
STILL, ever; II. ii. 144; III. i. 310.
STILL-LOVED, ever loved; I. i. 6.
STORE, abundance; IV. ii. 47.
STOUND, amazement; II. ii. 82.
SUSPECT, suspicion; IV. iii. 22; V. v. 170.
SWOUND, swoon; III. i. 14.

TAWDRY-LACE, a showy lace, originally bought at the fair of St. Audrey (Ethelreda), at Ely; IV. i. 42.
THICKS, thickets; V. v. 261.
THRIFTY, well-earned; V. v. 173.
TINE, teen, vexation; I. iii. 155.
TOLE, entice; I. i. 119.
TOOK, taken up; III. i. 349.
TORMENTIL, a medicinal plant, septfoil; II. ii. 23.
TRAIN, entice; III. i. 185.
TRENCHED, cut; IV. ii. 40.

UNCERTAINTY, inconsistency; I. iii. 20.
USETH, dwelleth; III. i. 425.

VASTNESS, boundlessness, absence from all restraint; II. iv. 13.
VERVAIN, plant used as a cooling remedy; II. ii. 43.
VILD, vile; IV. iv. 139.
VIRTUOUS, efficacious; I. ii. 102; II. ii. 2.

WIND, scent; V. ii. 50.
WOOD, mad; II. ii. 14; IV. iv. 185.
WOODMAN, hunter, hunter after women; I. ii. 131.
WOT, knows; IV. iii. 54.

NOTES

Dedication.—'Sir Walter Aston, of Tixall in Staffordshire, wa born in 1584, was one of the first created baronets, and, in 162 was raised to the dignity of Baron Aston of Forfar, in the Kingdo of Scotland. He was employed in several important embassie and died the 13th August 1639.'—WEBER.

Sir William Skipwith, of Cotes in Leicestershire, was knighte by James I. in 1603. He died in 1610, and an epitaph on him wa written by Sir John Beaumont.

Sir Robert Townshend, knighted by James I. in 1603.

I. i. 114. *No goblin, wood-god, etc.* This passage, as Sewar pointed out, seems to have inspired a similar passage in Milton *Comus*, ll. 432 ff.

I. ii. 154. *Whilst the Dog, etc.* A reference to the malignar effects of Sirius, the Dog-Star, in July.

I. iii. The soliloquy of Cloe here, as Weber pointed out, i modelled on the much longer soliloquy of Corisca in Guarini' *Pastor Fido* (I. iii.).

I. iii. 115. *Silvanus' boy.* Cyparissus, beloved of Silvanu and metamorphosed into a cypress because he slew Silvanu favourite stag.

II. i. 9. *See the heavy clouds, etc.* The three first Quartos read—

'See the heavy cloudes lowde falling.'

Dyce suggests a transposition with the following line, and woul read the couplet thus—

'See the heavy clouds *down* falling,
And bright Hesperus *loud* calling.'

II. ii. 87. *Whose grief or greenness, etc.* It is the 'grief c

greenness' of the festered ill which is meant. The *greenness* of the fester may refer to its being newly opened, or to its being poisoned.

II. ii. 113. *You do keep.* So the first Quarto; the later Quartos all read *dare keep.*

II. iii. 69. *But that matchless spring, etc.* Spring of Helicon.

II. iv. 6. *Who would as hard, etc.* This rather obscure passage seems to mean as follows: 'I could with as great difficulty be prevailed upon to offer harm to thy chaste thoughts as the brightness could be prevailed upon to leave the day, or the sun to move in another direction.'

II. iv. 67. *Brother.* Dyce suggests *other.*

III. i. 31. *Hares that yearly sexes change.* This was a tradition popular in the Middle Ages, and referred to by Topsel in his *History of Four-footed Beasts* (1658).

III. i. 46. *Transformed.* The first Quarto reads *reformed.*

III. i. 78. *Stray.* Weber unnecessarily changed this to *stay.*

III. i. 153. *Yon flame.* The moon.

III. i. 259. *Here never durst, etc.* A popular explanation of the spume which the insect *Cicada Spumaria* exudes for self-protection during its transition state.

III. i. 260. *No slough of falling star, etc.* Perhaps a reference to the train of light which a falling star leaves behind it.

III. i. 365. *God of the River, etc.* The beautiful episode of Amoret and the River God is closely followed by Browne in his *Britannia's Pastorals* (Book I. Songs i., ii.), where Marina the Shepherdess, having thrown herself into a river, is saved by the River God himself.

III. i. 370. *My fish shoot, etc.* Cf. Browne (I. i.)—

> 'Of all the fry within my deepe,
> None durst out of their dwellings peepe.
> The trout within the weeds did scud,
> The eele him hid within the mud.'

